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A MEMORY OF HOME.

BY E. F.

Oh! what can be sweeter, when trouble is by,
Philosopher! answer me this!
When grief and vexation the sufferer try,
Oh! what is so sweet as a kiss?

My cares shall all fly, disappear my alarms,
My sorrow be turned into bliss,
When the woman who loves me entwines her dear arms
Around me and gives me a kiss!

For I know, oh! my darling, that thy heart is mine,
Though the snakes of the Furies may hiss,
I know that none else on thy breast may recline,
So thank thee, dear girl, for a kiss!

And when far away when no fair one can please,
When my smile—oh! how deeply—I miss,
My heart shall turn back to such moments as these—
My memory live on a kiss!

DOUBLE CUNNING.

The Tale of a Transparent Mystery.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER IX.

ABEL POLLOCK LURKS IN THE GLEN.

"NO, I haven't tramped down all this way for nothing, master poacher-trap," said Abel Pollock to himself; "and it seems to me that I've struck lie."

The ill-looking scoundrel thrust his hands deep into his pockets and went on, with the tall bracken rustling against his legs as he ploughed his way through the glorious wood.

"Might have give me a bit o' bacon, hang him! Thought I was after his fezzans and hares. Ha! ha! I think I know a trick worth two of that. My! what a man may pick up by just lying about! They can't charge you with stealing information and packing knowledge. They pack close in your head, and nobody can't find 'em if they search you; and when you've got hold of 'em, you can sell 'em to the right parties, and——"

He rubbed his hands together—a pair of very dirty, soft hands, that looked as if they had never done a hard day's work—and the cunning smile that came over his face was not a pleasant one to see.

In fact, strong as the term may seem, Abel Pollock was a complete blot on the beautiful woodland scene; and Samuel Burton, Sir Harry Fanshaw's keeper, was quite justified in looking upon him with suspicion.

The latter was standing, leaning upon his gun, thinking, while the setter Bess gazed up at him with her great liquid eyes, as if asking whether she was to track the fellow down.

Burton was a thorough specimen of an English keeper who had spent his life getting a few ideas in his head relating to rearing game and protecting it against enemies.

Any vacant space left in his brain was so filled up by his love affair that he found it hard work to settle upon what he ought to do in the present emergency.

"That blackguard," he said to himself again, "has got hold of something agen Sir Harry; and if he can't see him, he'll wait for her ladyship, and scar' her and Miss Judith out of their wits. Won't do, my lad; I'll tak him up to Sir Harry; and if I've done wrong it's better than letting him go and tell my lady. Here! Ho!"

Bess leaped up and gave a loud bark, while Abel Pollock, who had heard the distant hail, turned round slowly, and waited till the keeper came up.

"Well, what is it? Ain't this the shortest way?"

"Come up to the house."

"What for?"

"See Sir Harry."

"No; you wouldn't take me up when I wanted you to. I'm going to see the pretty little ladyship now."

He turned to go, but Burton clapped his strong brown hand upon his shoulder and stopped him.

The fellow flung himself free, and in an instant again snatched the knife from his pocket—the long-handled clasp knife—which shook open and snapped with a spring, forming an ugly weapon.

"Keep off," he cried, hoarsely, "when men come at me with guns, I takes care o' myself. You keep your hands off me."

"Down, Bess, old lass, down!" said the keeper, for the long hair about the dog's neck was growing erect, and there was an angry look in her eyes. "Look here, my lad," he continued, "I'm not scared o' that knife, and if it come to that, I could put thee on thy back wi'out a touch. I'm not going to let a chap like thou go lying in wait for the ladies. You come up to the house."

The man looked at the dog, next at the keeper's sturdy frame and resolute bearing hesitated for a moment, and then, pressing a spring, the long ugly blade dropped loosely over his fingers, and he thrust the knife in his pocket.

"All right, keeper, I don't want to fight. I had enough o' that with Sir Harry in the Indies. Come on, then; I'll go up to the house, and you shall get me a glass of ale to wash the dust out of my throat before I see the colonel."

"Gen'ral," said Burton, gruffly. "Here, this way!"

"All right! He was colonel when we were together, and I say, keeper, what a life we used to have!"

"This way, I tell 'ee," growled the keeper who resented more and more the familiarities of his companion; and, leading the way, the rough fellow followed with the dog close at his heels, sniffing at them uneasily, and looking ready at any moment to fix two glistening rows of teeth in his ragged leg.

The way was across the wood, whose grand, gnarled oaks spread their huge arms in every direction as they descended a steep slope, opening out now and then to give a view of the distant moorlands, with their rugged outlines of millstone grit, while here and there the clear sky was blurred by clouds that seemed to rise from amid the hills, significant of the existence of the busy manufacturing town that nightly sent up a ruddy glow.

"Sir Harry's got a very nice place here, keeper."

"This way," said the latter, gruffly; and he turned down at once into a deep ravine, whose sides were dotted with patches of alder, hazel, and furze, showing where the land was springy, or where the rock cropped out.

At the bottom the growth of the hazel shrubs was more luxuriant, and here one of the many clear streamlets of the hilly region, ran bubbling and sparkling amongst masses of rock and piles of mossy stones.

Nature ruled almost uninterruptedly, but art had been called in to make a few dams of stone across the little stream, which they turned and forced into several winding channels, which met again and divided, and turned the whole bottom into a lovely wilderness full of dancing and falling water.

Here the streamlets foamed and sparkled in the warm sunshine; there they glided in and out among gnarled ash stumps and blocks of mossy stones in comparative darkness, or lit up by showers of sunny rays; and as they reached one little limpid pool, the rough fellow threw himself down upon his chest, placed his lips to the water, and took a long deep draught.

"See that trout flash off, keeper?" he said as he rose and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "I could ha' tickled that if I'd been a poacher, as you thought I was."

"This way," growled Burton.

"All right, keeper, don't hurry yourself. Not bad stuff, water, when you can't get beer. Ah! nice place this."

He stooped, gazing curiously along the shadowy dell, musical with plashing water, cool, solemn, and strange, carved as it was by the hand of ages, deep down in a rift between the hills.

And as he gazed about, he realized that the bracken grew tall and seemed frosted with silver in the drier parts, and the reeds and hedges were luxuriant where the alders affected the moister portions by the side of the water.

In a pool, here and there, waterlilies had been planted, while right up the steep sides there was a dense growth of young ash and beech, produced by cutting the older trees level with the ground.

"Now, then, are you coming?" said the keeper, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, I'm coming, my hearty," said Pollock; and he followed his guide in and out, over stepping-stones, and along mossy paths that had been cut in the most picturesque manner, so that nature should seem as if untouched.

As they crossed one streamlet, they were in face of a rustic seat, placed beneath a perfect arbor of overhanging boughs; and just across the water the hazels and ash boughs seemed to interlace above a perfect bed of bracken: while down amongst the stones that formed the streamlet's bank ferns of many patterns—lacework of brilliant green—spread their broad fronds in endless profusion.

The place had a strange attraction for the rough-looking scoundrel, and, pointing back across the stream among the bracken in the shadowy path—

"What a place for a good nap on a hot day keeper, eh?" he said.

"Don't you try it, my lad," said Burton, sturdily. "Say what you want to say to Sir Harry when I've took you to him, and then set off while your shoes are good."

"All right, keeper; don't be so huffy about it. I say, old man, what a place for courting of an evening, eh? You should bring your lass down here some night."

Burton turned sharply round upon him—so fiercely that the fellow stopped back.

"Oh! all right—go on. I won't say any more."

He kept silence as he followed the keeper along the narrow, bowery paths, with fern and moss beneath their feet, but the fellow's eyes kept wandering strangely about the place as the meandering streams gurgling along their narrow, stony beds, beneath crumbling, overarching, stony banks, which in places they undermined, so that here and there they had fallen in, choking the tiny streams, and sending them bubbling and foaming in other directions.

"This way," said the keeper, stopping and holding open a rustic gate in a fence formed of tree stumps and masses of stone, in whose interstices ferns and woodland plants had been set, till all formality had disappeared; but, once through the gate, Abel Pollock found himself at the bottom of a slope in extensive, well-kept grounds, where soft, grassy paths wandered amongst huge forest trees which had been carefully preserved, while beyond the spread of these mighty boughs patches of shrubbery diversified the scene.

The keeper kept along the bottom of the slope, walking pretty fast, and as his companion followed him he kept catching glimpses of the house—a long, low, reddish stone building, with heavy mullioned windows, battlemented roof, and everywhere covered with trellises—a dense growth of ivy and other creeping plants.

"Lucky to be a general," muttered the fellow, as, with a quick eye, he noted the smooth lawn and masses of brilliant flowers; the old stone terrace wall, with its vases, which seemed running over with brightly tinted flowers; the garden seats; the small military tent, draped up to show table and chairs; and the many other traces of luxury appertaining to a well-kept English mansion.

"I'd bet sixpence the old monks built this place, eh, keeper?"

"Priory," he said, with a surly intonation: and now, after skirting round the house, he led his companion along a shady, bower-like path to a side door, where he rang a bell.

"If I tell Josepha this chap wants to see Sir Harry he won't have him in, I know."

A grey-haired servant out of livery came to the door, glanced at Pollock, and then at the keeper.

"Want to see Sir Harry?"

"Yes, is he in?"

The butler nodded and went away, to return directly and sign to them to follow him along a broad passage whose walls were covered with old pictures, and across a glistening oak-floored hall whose sides were panelled with card work, while heads of deer, suits of armor, and trophies of warlike weapons were arranged in niches, and looked richly effective as seen by the light that streamed through the stained-glass windows of the lofty place.

The butler opened a black oak door, and ushered the keeper and his companion into a large, gloomy room, whose walls were burdened with heaps of volumes that seemed as if they were rarely touched.

The first to enter the room was the dog, which trotted up to the handsome, grey-haired, elderly man, its occupant, and then thrust its pointed nose into his hand.

"Ah, Bess," he said; "good dog! Well, Burton, what's this?"

He rose from the easy-chair where he had been reading, threw down his book, and walked to the great fireplace with its carved mantle, turned his back to it, and stood there in stiff military guise, gazing from one to the other.

"This man, Sir Harry," the keeper began.

Sir Harry turned his eye sharply upon the man, who drew himself up smartly, saluted *a la militaire*, and then clapped his hands together and stood at ease.

"Soldier, eh?" said Sir Harry.

"Yes, Colonel—Abel Pollock, old Hundred and Tenth. Your old servant afore Delhi."

"What's he been doing, Burton—poaching?"

"No, Sir Harry, trespassing on our grounds. I found him in Oak Wood. Says he wants to see you, Sir Harry."

"Then, sir, why didn't you come to the door?" said Sir Harry, in the sharp, military manner of an officer.

"Been turned away, Colonel. Look at me."

"Yes. Disgraceful, sir! Why are you in this condition?"

"Ah," thought Burton, "if I'd know'd this, I wouldn't have brought him up."

"Condition!" said the man, with a cool stare; "what condition do you expect an old soldier to be in?"

"Where's your pension?"

"Didn't get none, Colonel."

"No; I remember. You were a drunken dog, sir—a disgrace to the regiment."

"Yes, Colonel."

"You'd have been drummed out, but we wanted men."

"Yes, Colonel."

"And you could fight."

"Yes, Colonel. 'Member the days when we were surprised by the niggers in that plain?"

"Silence, sir! 'Tention!"

The man sprung up, with his hands down to his side, and stood straight before him.

"Why have you come down here, sir."

"Why have I come down, Colonel? Well look at me. I'm about starved."

"Ha! yes. This comes of the drink."

"Yes, Colonel."

"It's your own fault, then."

"No, Colonel—fault of your system."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You give a soldier no chance, Colonel. I'd have been a better man if your system had been right. It was always drilled to the nines; barked at by a bullying sergeant; poorly fed; tied up by discipline like a dog; and when the red tape got loose, and a fellow was free, why, he runs to the drink. It seems the only chance he has, and he takes it."

"Humph! And nicely it pays you back," said Sir Harry, sharply. "Well, I don't like to see a brave fellow who has worn Her Majesty's uniform down in the dust—going to the dogs like this. What do you want me to do for you?"

"Well, you see, Sir Harry, I thought if I could get hold of a pound or two, I might buy a basket and sell something about the country, so as to get a bit to eat.

"A drop to drink I'm afraid you mean, Pollock," said Sir Harry, sternly. "Well, I won't see an old soldier starve. There's something to make a start with, and you may let me know how you get on. If you'd left the drink alone you would have had a pension."

As he spoke Sir Harry took a crisp new five-pound note from his pocket-book, and held it out to the man, who took it, doubled it up small, and placed it in his brass tobacco box.

"Thanky kindly, Colonel," he said hoarsely; "and I won't forget this here."

"Do you want to show me your gratitude?" said Sir Harry sharply.

"Yes, C'lonel."

"Then make good use of that money, and get yourself an honest living. Now go, Burton, take this man in the servants' hall and let him have a good meal. Let him be treated with respect, for he was a brave soldier—once."

"Yes, Sir Harry," and the keeper went back to the door, followed by Pollock, who muttered to himself—

"A fiver, eh? Ah, well, it'll do for the present, and then—eh?"

"I thought you were going to tell Sir Harry about old times?" said Burton.

"Oh, all right, keeper. He was square to me and friendly, so I held my tongue. If he'd cut up rough, then you would have seen."

Mr. Abel Pollock a richer man by five pounds, and a happier man for having eaten heartily of the Priory beef, and drunk as much ale as he pleased, was finally seen off the premises by the keeper.

This he resented by insolent look and bitter word.

"I'm not going to pick up a hare as I go, keeper," he said, with a half-tipsy smile.

"No," replied Burton, "you are not; and now you take my advice; don't you come down here again till you can show the General that you have done some good."

They were some little distance beyond the park gates, out towards the cross-roads where one of them led to Brackley town.

Pollock turned a curious, leering look upon the keeper.

"Not come back till I've something to show, keeper?"

Thup, thup, thup.

Three loud-sounding snaps of the finger in the keeper's face, and accompanying them, a slow, offensive wink.

Just then there was the sharp sound of wheels, and the rapid patter of ponies' feet beyond the trees at a curve of the road.

The keeper involuntarily drew on to the grass, and the dog grew excited and uttered a sharp, low bark.

The next minute a low carriage drawn by two spirited little ponies, swept by, driven by a lady whose handsome face was slightly flushed by the sunny air and the excitement of controlling the beautiful little steeds.

Beside her, but leaning back, sat Judith Nesbitt, with a pleasant smile on her parted lips, consequent upon some remark just made by her cousin, Sir Harry Fanshaw's young wife.

The keeper touched his hat, the dog uttered another bark, ran a few yards after the carriage, and then, yielding to discipline trotted back.

Abel Pollock had gone on a few yards, and then stopped till the keeper turned from gazing after the pony-carriage.

"I say, keeper," he said, "not come back, eh?"

He pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at the figures in the distance.

"What do you mean?" said Burton, fiercely.

"We know, my lad—we know ears is made to hear, and eyes is made to see, and brains is made to get us money out of what we know. Five pounds ain't a large fortune, keeper. There, go and look after your little Milly, and if I was you I should give Captain—eh? Good-bye."

He went off at a swinging pace, with the dog staring after him, and giving vent to a deep-mouthed bay; while his master's brow wrinkled up horizontally with indignation.

"He knows too much," he growled. "I think she likes me; but she plays wi' me a strange deal. What did she say—'I want marry an owd man and have a gray husband?'"

He took off his hat and involuntarily ran his hand through his hair.

"Not so gray, either. She's only nineteen and I'm forty. Twice as old as she, but I feel only a youngish man. Like Sir Harry eh? And him talking about the captain. Blame the captain! I wish they'd send him abroad, or let him get married. Quiet, Bess! Down, owd lass. He has gone now."

The dog whined uneasily, and gazed after the departing figure just turning the corner of the road, while her master was looking after the pony-carriage.

"She's a sweet lady, and that shack must have seen something, as well as knowed a deal about Sir Harry, but—oh, I wasn't think such things of 'em. They're all friends together, and the captain's like Sir Harry's son, and she's like sister to him, I say," he cried aloud, staring round as if defending his master against some body of accusers, "her ladyship's a true English lady, and I think it shame of any one to get dropping hints about her, and I'm about shamed o' myself for getting such a fancy in my head, and all along of a sharp like that. Here, Bess, lass, let's get home. I suppose that chap's gone."

The dog whined and gazed along the road as if not so satisfied in her mind as her master seemed to be, for there was a rustle a short distance onward in the wood.

CHAPTER X.

DRAWING TOGETHER.

"FEEL it cold, Bob?"

"Cold? Nonsense!"

"Thought you might, perhaps, coming from your hot regions."

Sir Harry Fanshow and his brother were seated in the long low dining-room of the Priory, over their claret.

The windows were open, looking out on to the lawn, and the soft, dewy, summer-evening breeze bore in the scent of the flowers.

"No, Harry; I'm not cold. What lovely weather! Young folks seem to be enjoying themselves. Here, I want to smoke."

Sir Harry passed his cigar-case, but Sir Robert shook his head.

"No," said the latter; "I'm going to spoil a tete-a-tete while I can."

He clapped his hands, and from the lawn, where voices could be heard, though the speakers were unseen, a light figure came in quickly by the French window to exclaim—

"You want your pipe, uncle?"

"Right, Judy!"

"What a shame to make her fetch it!" said Sir Harry, as the girl ran from the room.

"Not it! It's as sweet again when she fills and lights it. Harry, boy, I don't know what I shall do when that girl marries and leaves me."

"As she will," said Sir Harry. "By the way, we may as well have a chat about George."

"Humph! Very well. Wait till she's gone. You see, Harry, I shan't be like you—with a wife."

"No," said Sir Harry, softly, and a flush came into his handsome, elderly face. "My dear brother! I wish you could enjoy my happiness."

"Then you are satisfied with your step?"

"Satisfied? My dear Bob, could a woman be more beautiful and sweet?"

"No."

"More tender and devoted?"

"No."

"Then why should I not be satisfied? My dear Bob, my love for her—don't think me conceited!—has all the passion of youth, all the restraint of middle age, and all the tender, fatherly feeling of an old man. My dear brother," he continued, in a voice that was deep with emotion, "it is the one thing for which I live, to try and make up by devotion for the disparity of our ages."

"God bless you both, Harry! She's as sweet as she is fair, and——. Hist! here's Judy."

As Sir Robert spoke the girl tripped in, bearing a large, ugly Eastern pipe, with a long, coiled-up stem, and an erect bowl stuck in a china vessel of rose-water.

"There, uncle," she cried, placing it before him, uncoiling the stem, and then, when he was ready, lighting a match and holding it to the tobacco with which the bowl was filled.

"All right, uncle?"

"All right, Judy. There, you may be off."

"Why don't you try a bubble-bubble, Uncle Harry?"

"Because I'm an Englishman, Judy. There, be off to your croquet. Uncle Robert shall not interrupt you again."

Judy merrily ruffled her uncle's hair, and then ran out through the open window.

"Here, Harry," said Sir Robert, "I've made a mistake in coming here. I'm not going to have her marry and leave me. I shall stop it all."

"Try making Brackley river run the other way first, Bob. Nature's nature, my lad. While we old fogies are sitting smoking here, listening to the click of those croquet balls, love is hard at work settling the whole affair. George is a fine dashing fellow, Bob, and he'll make her a good husband."

"My dear Harry, it is none of my doing, and I don't want to cross your plans, but it seems to me that the American is making the running."

"What, Range? My dear Bob! Absurd!"

"I don't know about absurd, Harry. You're set upon George having her."

"I am indeed, my dear fellow. It is one of the dreams of my life."

"Then thank goodness it was you who brought Range here."

"No, no; it was you brought him Bob."

"I?"

"Well, yes, indirectly. As I told you, we met him at Baisingen, and he began talking about knowing you, and that warmed us up towards him. By Jove! I like the young fellow. There's something new about him. Frank and generous; his money hasn't spoiled him."

"Just what I think of him. He's a bit rough, but I don't mind that, for he's honest."

"But not a gentleman."

"Not by birth, Harry, but certainly a gentleman at heart."

"Oh, yes, of course. But you couldn't let him marry Judy, Bob, and take her away to America."

"If she's to be taken away," said Sir Robert, dolefully, "it doesn't much matter where she goes in these travelling days."

"My dear Bob, I don't think we need discuss the matter. George loves the girl, and I think we ought to consider the affair as settled. Alice says, perhaps we ought to wait, but——"

"I agree with Alice. Besides, I don't think Judy cares for George at all."

"You think she cares for Range? Now look here, my dear Bob; you are a splendid fellow at managing a brigade, but you know no more about women than that bubble-bubble. I tell you Judith does not care for Range."

"How do you know?"

"By quietly looking on. I know George has settled it in his own mind that he is to marry Judith; and he is of such a quick, jealous temperament that if there was anything in that direction he would have been uneasy directly."

"Well, isn't he?"

"Pooh! not a bit. There I'd lay a wager, if I were a betting man, that at the present moment he is neglecting the game of croquet and chatting with my wife."

"And Range is talking to Judy?"

"Without a doubt. He spends a good deal of time with her—the natural gravitation of young people together, but you may take my word for it, that if we could hear their conversation it would not contain a word about love."

"P'r'aps you're right," said Sir Robert; and then to himself: "but if it doesn't, Range isn't so sharp a fellow as I took him for."

The brothers relapsed into silence, for Sir Harry, as the host, felt a delicacy about pressing the matter further, and in the fast-closing evening they sat smoking placidly, with the moths from the grand old garden flitting in and out through the open window.

"Thank goodness!" said Sir Robert to himself. "Back home in dear old Yorkshire; and there's no place like home. I wish Judy had brought me a cushion for my back."

"Heaven be thanked!" mused Sir Harry; "my journey onward can't be long, but after life's hard struggle and risk, I am calmly settled here with my sweet young wife, in my dear old country home; and what am I, to deserve such peace and bliss? My life is blessed. Thank God! thank God!"

The soft serenity of the delicious summer evening was moving the spirits of the two men as such a summer evening will.

The heat was great, but with it there was a soft moisture that robbed it of its oppression.

But as they sat in silence, gazing out, the clouds were forming—clouds atmospheric, clouds social.

Down in the south there was a faint haze, about which a few tremulous flashes of lightning kept playing.

The other clouds were in and about the lives of the young party on the lawn.

"Never mind the game," said Captain Carleigh; "the evening is so delightful. Let's have a little stroll down to the Wilderness."

"But it will be damp," said Lady Fanshaw, glancing at her guests.

"What, on a night like this? Nonsense! And, besides, after a couple of years of Africa and drought I worship water."

"But Mr. Range and Judith will think it rude."

"Rude? How have they behaved to us? I'm sick of it. The game has been a perfect farce. They have done nothing but talk and stroll away from the ground."

"I thought so," said Lady Fanshaw, smiling archly, and she then turned her large dark eyes once more upon her companion.

"What do you mean?" he said, eagerly.

"You are growing jealous of Mr. Range's attentions to Judith. You must take care, George, or you will lose her."

"How can you speak to me like that?" he said, in a low, earnest voice. "Have you no feeling? Do you think I am made of stone?"

"Oh! hush, hush!" she replied playfully. "Anyone would think these were the old days before you went out to the Cape."

"Yes, and I was happy in the smiles of Alice Wyndham."

"Who is now Lady Fanshaw, your hostess. Why, George, you ought almost to call me 'mamma.'"

"In the days," he continued, "when you led me on to hope."

"And you spare soft nonsense to me that you did not mean," she replied, merrily.

"Not mean," he cried. "Oh! this is cruel!"

"Precisely the same things that you said to half a dozen ladies I could name. Now, no more trifling. You do not for a moment believe me to be so weak as to place any faith in the position you have taken up. Those forlorn looks ill-become you; they even make you seem ridiculous. Come, remember how our positions are changed."

"I cannot—it is impossible!" he cried, fiercely.

"You must, and it is not impossible. Now, do you know, George Carleigh, I have not known you from childhood without being able to thoroughly analyze your character?"

"Analyze it, then."

"Well, I will, to this extent: if you had come back from the Cape and had found your old friend Alice Wyndham, to whom you have paid thousands of compliments, and with whom you have danced till we were tired—if you had found me, I say, to be had for the asking, you would have gone off, my handsome butterfly in scarlet and gold, to seek some other flower."

"Ah! you are unjust," he cried.

"Not at all," she said, quickly; "it is the simple truth. Now, then, be sensible. Because I am unattainable, your restless spirit prompts you to be very silly."

"I cannot bear this!"

"You must; and this," she continued; "I said your restless spirit prompts you to be very silly, and to strive after the unattainable.

"You have said so much to me lately that I must speak more plainly. George Carleigh, I am Alice still, but Alice, Lady Fanshaw, the wife of the man who has been to you a second father. Now, as there is to be no more croquet, let us take a stroll through the Wilderness."

* * * * * *

"They evidently do not mean to finish the game," said Judith, as she stood leaning on the handle of her croquet mallet looking exceedingly pretty in white against the great closely clipped yew hedge.

"Then let's have a stroll and talk," said Range. "This old place is delightful to me."

"But you've seen so many beautiful places."

"Yes," he replied; "but there is something about an English velvety lawn, with its carefully kept trees and flowers, that is infinitely more beautiful. They are going down towards that hollow where the streams run. Shall we follow them?"

"Yes," said Judith, quietly. "I don't think uncle will want me. He generally drops asleep after having his hookah, and he does not like to be disturbed."

"Let's go, then," said Range, taking in the soft sweet form and the graceful drapery at a glance, before letting his eyes rest with reverent admiration upon the fair innocent face.

"And you'll go on telling me about that adventure with the Indians—when you and your uncle were hemmed in, you know?"

"Oh, no!" he said in a remonstrant tone; "I cannot tell you that."

"Why not?"

"It is making so much fuss about so little. It is like what we Americans call playing brag—boasting, you know."

"Oh, no, Mr. Range, you never boast."

"Come along, then," he said, "and I'll tell you. May I smoke?"

"Oh, yes! I like the scent of your cigars."

He took out his case, but put it back.

"No," he said, smiling; "you say that out of politeness. It is selfish to smoke now."

* * * * *

Lady Fanshaw and Captain Carleigh were about fifty yards away, and, taking the same direction, Judith and Arthur Range strolled slowly down towards the Wilderness through which Burton, the keeper, had taken Abel Pollock—old soldier, modern tramp—a few hours before.

The place must have had an attraction for the latter, since, as soon as he was out of the keeper's sight, he had turned into the wood, waited an hour or two, and then made his way back to the little rocky ravine where the streams ran and the waterfalls made pleasant music to the ear.

Arriving here, he selected a spot among the bracken, close behind one of the seats, lay down, and the broad fronds drooped over his prostrate form.

"Snug place for a nap," he said, "and to improve one's mind."

Then he yawned and went to sleep.

Some time had elapsed before a brilliantly plumaged cock-pheasant, which was daintily picking its way beneath the trees, suddenly dropped its tail, raised its head, listened, and then began to run.

The cause of its flight was the appearance of a couple of well-dressed men, in felt hats, one of whom carried a small sketching book and a camp-stool, the other had a botanist's vasculum slung under his arm, and swung an umbrella.

Seen by the evening light; one seemed to be a clergyman, the other a doctor.

"Let's go back now," said the thinner of the two.

"Not yet, my dear Nathan," replied the other. "We must have a good knowledge of the enemy's camp before we begin the siege."

"But we may be seen, Shell."

"And if we are, we have mistaken our path: 'Will you kindly direct us back to the Anglers' Rest?'"

"But if we met him?"

"What then? He has never seen us. We can't be far from the house now. Come along. If we did meet him, it would only mean a slight change of plan; so, once more come along!"

* * * * *

ABEL POLLOCK IS BUSY.

The murmur of the water down in the Wilderness was delightfully soothing on that soft summer evening, when Abel Pollock, woke from a long nap, as if by instinct, raised his head a little and listened.

For there were voices coming down one of the paths; and as he peered among the fern fronds he drew in a breath full of satisfaction, for he could see Lucy Fanshaw,

with her eyes bent down upon the ground, listening to the eager conversation of Captain Carleigh.

"They'll come and sit down here," muttered Pollock "and I shall hear every word. Five pound, eh? It's beginning to feel like five hundred from somebody—to—keep — my — tongue — quiet. Curse 'em why couldn't they have sat down here?"

His thoughts had run slowly as he lay watching the approaching figures reach the rustic seat hesitate, and then pass.

His thoughts came swiftly with anger as the couple went along the path, and he faintly heard Carleigh say—

"Come along further; it is more beautiful in here."

"No, let us take this seat for a few minutes, and then go back," said Lady Fanshaw; and the captain obeyed with a gesture full of vexation.

"Who are these here?" muttered Pollock as Judith and Range came slowly down the path to pause by the rustic seat, and, after glancing at Lady Fanshaw and Carleigh, they too sat down well in sight of each other.

It happened that the two Americans, who were hidden behind some thickly-clothed nut stubbs, heard the conversation of Carleigh and Lady Fanshaw.

Pollock had to listen to Range, as in a low tone he told of his adventures when quite a boy, and he and his uncle had on several occasions been besieged in their rocky fastness or log hut by the Indians.

"And do you like to hear all this?" Range said, in a half-amused manner, as he saw Judith's eager eyes fixed upon him intently.

"Like?" said Judith. "I love reading of such things, even when I know that they have only been invented by some clever writer. To hear you talk of what has really happened—oh, I could sit and listen for ever!"

"Could you?" he cried, surprised out of himself; and he laid one firm, strong hand upon Judith's arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saying "Yes."

BY E. W. P.

AUNT JANE sat at her open kitchen window knitting, while niece Maria made the tea-cakes.

Her white cambric apron was smoothly tied over her neat dress—a light cotton sprinkled with rose-buds and forget-me-nots, which had taken Uncle Edward's fancy on his last visit to town, and which he could not be convinced was too young or gay for his wife.

And, in sooth, Aunt Jane was pleasant and comely to behold, with her smooth bands of silvery hair, displayed as the breeze blew back her cap-border, and the expression of goodness and kindness upon her still rosey face.

She hummed cheerfully to herself, as she knitted, something "about a rest beyond the skies," while Maria, as she mixed and rolled the dough, occasionally took up the refrain.

Presently there came strolling across the grassy lawn in front of the house two persons, one a handsome, manly looking youth, and the other a pretty girl, with a laughing face and mischievous, dark eyes.

They sat down on the green bench in the porch, shaded by the trellis of multiflora rose and white jasmine.

Aunt Jane, in a pause of her song, heard them talking together.

"Dear me!" she said to Maria, "why there's Dick courting Daisy again!"

"Well," answered Miss Maria, "it's more'n I would do. How often he's got to ask that gal before she consents to marry him, I'd just like to know."

Unconscious of these comments Dick was pleading his cause with the pretty girl of the bright, mischievous eyes.

"Daisy, I don't like to hear you talk about going home. Couldn't you be better content to stay here and make your home with me always?"

"Well!" answered Daisy, slowly, as if deeply considering the question, "I like the country; and if——"

"If what?" said Dick, eagerly.

"If I had a handsome country-house, and a fine carriage——"

"Daisy, will you be in earnest for once? You know that I can't afford a fine house and carriage.

"But I love you, Daisy, and will do everything for your happiness that is in my power to do. Don't you believe me?"

"Well, I don't accuse you of telling untruths, Dick. But what is the use of always talking about such things? We're so young. I am only eighteen, and you twenty-three. Surely there's plenty of time for us to wait."

"I've waited over a whole year," said Dick, gloomily.

"Dear me! is it so long? But after all, what is a year to us, when we have all our lives before us? Why, we may both of us live to be a hundred years old, like that couple we were reading of in the papers last night, and then we may regret that we did not enjoy our youth longer, instead of getting married so young. Besides, I believe in waiting. It is a test of constancy."

"My constancy needs no test!" said Dick with firmness.

"But perhaps mine does. How do I know but that I could like some one else better than I do you?"

She looked at Dick, with her laughing eyes just visible above the bunch of wild roses which she was holding to her pretty retrousse nose.

Dick regarded her sternly in reply, and viciously brushed away an innocent lady-bird that was crawling on the multiflora.

"How can you be so cruel, Richard?" said Daisy, solemnly. "That poor insect never harmed you!"

"Look here, Daisy, I've had enough of this. I don't want to be made a dunce of any longer. You will force me to do something desperate."

"Well, I can't help your doing desperate things if you choose to do them. You're old enough to know how to conduct yourself properly. And now I smell cousin's tea-cakes baking—I'm so glad we shall have my favorite tea-cakes this evening, and I'll just go and put my flowers in water before we are called in."

And she arose and tripped lightly away humming a gay song.

"That gal," said Miss Maria, who had caught fragments of the foregoing discourse—"that gal would worrit the life out of Job himself. I've the greatest mind to put away the tea-cakes for to-morrow's tea, and not let her have a taste of 'em to-day."

"Oh, she'll come round some time," said Aunt Jane, cheerfully. "It's the way with some gals, though I'm bound to confess that I never carried on so with my Ted."

Daisy went up to her room, and placed her wild flowers in water.

And then, standing near the window, brushing back her curls, she said to herself, a little remorsefully—

"I daresay I do tease Dick too much, but I can't help it. I suppose it's my nature, and just—just as Tabby there likes to tease the mice that she catches. But I don't mean to give up Dick—not I! And I'll be kinder to him to-morrow."

She heard the tramp of a horse, and looking out, saw Dick riding away on his beautiful bay, on which he always appeared so well.

"Oh, so he's gone to the Barnards," said Daisy, with a toss of her head as she watched him turn into the orchard road. "That's to pay me off, I suppose, and excite my jealousy. Well, he'll see. As if I cared!"

Cousin Maria might as well have carried out her threat of not producing the tea-cakes, for though Daisy made a point of devouring two or three of them with a great show of relish, they had lost their charm for her, and more than once she felt as though they were choking her.

The next morning she made a point of not going down until Dick had finished his breakfast, and she exulted as over the stair-banisters she saw how he lingered about the porch and hallway, pretending to be looking for missing articles, before he finally followed his father to the fields. It was a busy time, and they did not come home to dinner.

Daisy thought it the longest day she had ever spent, and she hardly knew what to do with herself.

But in the evening she put on a white lawn dress, with a rose in her hair, and went downstairs to where Dick was sitting on the porch-steps, pretending to read a paper.

He looked up wistfully, but Daisy passed him, and went out to the little front gate, where presently she was engaged in an animated chat with young Doctor Fenwick, who happened to be passing.

Dick knew that the doctor admired Daisy and while they stood chatting together, he sat on the steps, scowling like a thunder-cloud.

When the doctor had taken leave and passed on, he strode down the walk and stood by her side.

"Daisy, did I hear you promise that—that fellow, to go with him to the picnic next Tuesday?"

"What fellow?" said Daisy, coldly.

"You know who I mean."

Dick was pale with jealousy and bitter wrath.

"And you know that there was an understanding that I was to escort you."

"I presume that I can go with whom I choose!" answered Daisy, haughtily.

"So you can, and I want you now to make your choice; but I tell you, once for all, that if you throw me over for that Fenwick, you'll be done with me forever!"

Daisy was almost frightened at his vehemence. She drew back a little, as she said—

"My goodness, Dick, what a temper you have!"

"You've driven me to it; you've made me desperate!" he retorted. This thing must come to an end between us one way or the other, for I will bear it no longer."

She looked at him, and her cheeks flushed scarlet.

"What right have you to speak to me in that tone? I am not your slave, and I shall go with Doctor Fenwick to the picnic."

Dick looked steadily into her eyes for an instant.

"Very well," he said, shortly, and turning on his heel walked off in the direction of the barn.

"Dick," called his mother from the kitchen-window, "come in, Dick! Tea's ready. Come, Daisy, child, before the rolls get cold."

"I don't want any tea, mother. And, mother"—Dick paused a moment, and his voice seemed to lower and falter—"don't expect me home to-night. I'm going over to Uncle Fred's."

And he walked on very fast, as if not wishing to be questioned.

As Daisy entered the cool dining-room, where the family took their meals, Miss Maria was standing at the window with her arms akimbo, gazing after Dick.

"That boy," she said, solemnly—"that boy ain't himself. I shouldn't be surprised if he's driven to do something desp'rate," and she looked resentfully at Daisy.

"You don't eat anything, Daisy," kindly said Uncle Edward, who never saw much of what wasn't going on right before his eyes.

"Maybe you think the weather's too warm for hot rolls and cakes? Well, take some iced-milk and berries and——Why, bless me! what's the matter with the child?"

Daisy had burst into tears.

"Please, uncle—aunt—excuse me," she said; and hastily left the room.

She did not go upstairs, but out-of-doors, where she could relieve her heart by sobbing unseen and unheard.

Passing through the garden and the orchard, she followed the little footpath which led to a pretty strip of woodland, where, in a cool ravine, ran a narrow but rather deep stream between mossy banks.

This was a favorite haunt of hers. There had been a little rustic bridge leading to the hillside beyond, but this had been lately washed away after a heavy rain.

She could see, as she approached the spot, one of the posts still standing; and—wasn't that Dick leaning against it like a statue, his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the deep, little pool which the rocks had just here pent in?

A sudden fear seized Daisy. Surely, surely Dick could not be thinking of drowning himself?

She stood still and breathless, watching him.

Presently he started as if from a reverie, and, with lips compressed into a look of firm resolve, picked up a coil of rope which lay at his feet.

Then he walked round and round a tall and straight tree growing close to the edge of the stream, looking up into its thick foliage, as if for a convenient branch to which to attach it.

Daisy's heart froze with horror. For a moment she felt paralyzed; but as she saw Dick carefully make a noose on one end of the rope, and prepare to climb the tree, the spell was broken.

She rushed forward, with a wild shriek, and threw her arms about him.

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, don't do such a dreadful thing! Don't hang yourself, Dick—for my sake, don't! Oh, forgive me, forgive me, dear Dick, and I'll never, never tease or grieve you again!"

A strange expression came over Dick's face.

He looked down into the white face of the sobbing girl, and his stern eyes softened. But then he said, gloomily—

"How can I believe you, Daisy? You have as good as told me that you did not love me; and without you I don't care to live."

"Don't talk so dreadfully, Dick! I—I do love you!"

"Answer me truly, Daisy! Do you really love me?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Indeed I do, Dick! Please, please throw away that dreadful rope!"

"Not yet, Daisy. Do you love me above everybody else in the world?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And will you marry me, Daisy?"

"Yes, I will, Dick; indeed I will!"

"When?"

"Any time — to-morrow — now!" said Daisy, in desperation—"if you will only throw away that dreadful thing and come home with me."

"There, then!"

And Dick flung the coil of rope into a thicket of laurel on the other side of the stream, and drawing Daisy to him, kissed her solemnly.

"Remember you have promised to be my wife, Daisy."

"Yes," she answered, meekly.

And so, hand in hand, they returned through the orchard and the garden to the house.

"Of all the unaccountable creatures on the face of the earth," said Miss Maria, surveying them from the pantry-window, "recommend me to a young courtin' couple! I don't believe they know their own minds five minutes at a time, anyways!"

Uncle Edward was sitting on the top step of the porch, contentedly smoking his big pipe.

"Well, Dick," said he, cheerfully, "have you fixed that tree with the rope all ready to pull it down in the right direction?"

"No," answered Dick, quietly. "I'll attend to it to-morrow."

"Well, don't forget it, for the sooner that bridge is finished the better, if we want to get the hay over in good time."

Daisy stooped and looked straight up into Dick's face.

"You've deceived me!" she said, indignantly.

"No Daisy, I haven't. You deceived yourself, dear, and I'm very glad of it, I assure you."

"Glad?" said Daisy, reproachfully, and with her face all crimson with blushes.

"Because but for that I might never have gotten you to say 'Yes'; and we might both have been for ever miserable. But how happy we are going to be for all the rest of our lives!"

"Still it was a dreadfully mean trick," Daisy murmured, as she allowed Dick to kiss her again, behind Uncle Edward's back; "and if you ever say a word about it to anyone, I'll never forgive you—never!"

SMOKED TO DEATH.—In Texarkana, Ark., a few days ago a man was literally smoked to death. He was a little under the influence of liquor, and upon returning home found the door locked, when he attempted to crawl into the flue, head down. The flue being of an irregular width, the man stuck fast before he descended far, and was held until relieved by death, which was caused by the smoke from a small fire on the hearth.

Bric-a-Brac.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some mortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes. Half of all who live die before seventeen. Only one person, in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty. The married live longer than the single.

THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.—In Scottish church discipline, of olden time, offenders who had been convicted at a regular trial before the minister in kirk-session were condemned to receive public censure from the culprit standing up before the congregation on a raised platform, called the cutty-stool. This platform was also known as the Stool of Repentance, and in time went out of use, its name remaining a household phrase, without any direct meaning.

CHOCOLATE.—Chocolate is so called from *chocolatl*, the Mexican name for the cocoa-tree. The produce of several of the finest kinds is not exported; the best that reaches us is from Caracas, Guatemala, and Berbice. The method of preparation is as follows: The cacao-beans are gently roasted, shelled, and reduced to a paste, when vanilla, cloves, cinnamon, rice, almonds, or starch, etc., are frequently added to it; it is put into moulds, and always improves by keeping.

THE WHALE.—The whale feeds by putting its gigantic strainer into operation as it swims through the shoals of minute mollusca, crustaceans and fishes which are constantly found at the surface of the sea. Opening its capacious mouth and allowing the sea water with its multitudinous tenants to fill the oval cavity, the whale shuts its lower jaw upon its horny plates, and straining out the water through them, swallows the prey stranded upon its vast tongue.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—An old tradesman used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one he put all the money he received; and in the other all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled, with a little trouble, to make a balance, which was doubtless as satisfactory to himself as if it had been done by "double entry."

DISTINCTION LEVELLED.—The Sultan of Samarcand was walking before the gates of the city when he saw a man in the distance sitting on the ground and holding an object in his hand which he was examining with great attention. The Sultan was curious, and thought he would like to know what the object was. He therefore went up to the man. He was a dervish, and held a skull in his hands. The Sultan asked, "Why do you examine this skull so closely?" The dervish looked up at the Sultan and replied, "This skull was brought to me this morning. I have been looking at it ever since, being anxious to find out whether it is the skull of a rich and powerful sultan like you, or a poor fellow like me, but I have not been able yet to make out which it is."

THE RAT.—The rat, though naturally a savage creature, is by dint of kindness, capable of being tamed and made obedient to the will of man. Some of the Japanese tame rats and make them perform many entertaining tricks, and when thus instructed exhibit them as a show for the diversion of people. An American traveling through Mecklenburg about forty years ago, beheld a singular spectacle in a hotel. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there rushed into the room a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about his neck. They all went to the dish, and without disturbing each other fed amicably together, after which the dog, the cat, and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, added, that the rat was the most useful of the four, for the noise he made had completely freed the house from other rats and mice also, with which it had previously been infested.

THE SEVEN BIBLES.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these, dating about the seventeenth century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testament, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspiration, and their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word 'Kings' meaning web of cloth. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced further back than 1100 years before Christ. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos; and they are believed to date 1100 years before Christ. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the greatest of the sacred books next to our Bible.

A LAST 'GOOD-NIGHT.'

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Love, I see thee lowly kneeling,
Clasped hands and drooping head,
While the moonbeams pale are stealing
Sadly round my dying bed.
Dearest, hush thy bitter weeping:
Lay thy fearful cheek to mine,
While the stars, their death-watch keeping,
Softly through the lattice shine.
Through the trees, low winds are sighing,
And my hand, so worn and white,
On thy clustering hair is lying.
Love, my only love, good-night!

Ah! I hear thy broken sobbing,
Faint and low, thy voice hath grown:
And I feel thy fond heart throbbing,
Oh, how wildly, 'gainst mine own!
Dear, my spirit still delaying,
Loves to hover near thee now,
Like the moonbeams fondly straying
O'er thy pallid cheek and brow.
Yes, my soul, to share thy sorrow,
Pauses in its heavenward flight,
And will comfort thee to-morrow.
Love, my dearest love, good-night!

Now, for one sweet moment only,
Fold me closely to thy breast.
When thy life seems dark and lonely,
Oh, remember I am blest!
Though thy voice with grief be broken,
Smile once more, and call me fair.
Darling, as my last love token,
Take this little lock of hair.
Feeling these, thy last caresses,
Tears must dim my failing sight.
Kiss once more my wandering tresses,
Then a long, a last good-night!

Shades of death are round me closing;
Tears and shadows hide thy face:
Still I fear not, thus reposing,
In thy faithful, fond embrace.
Though thou lingerest broken-hearted,
All thy thoughts to me shall soar;
We shall seem but to be parted;
I'll be near thee evermore.
Brightly on my soul's awaking,
See, yon gleam of heavenly light!
Now, behold the morn is breaking.
Love, my faithful love, good-night!

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED.)

"I MUST go to Monmouthshire to-night, Kate."

"To-night?"

"I shall perhaps catch the mail; anyway, I must go; after this," and he put the telegram into her hands, "I could not hesitate."

There was a little stir of preparations, a hurried packing, an affectionate farewell, and then Guy Ainslie was on his way to the death-bed of the woman on whom his fairest hopes had once been centred.

All through that hurried night journey, through all the bitter cloud of the bleak January dawn, but one question occupied him—why had Vivian Dacres sent for him?

What strange instinct had made her thoughts turn from her doting husband and new-born son to her old, forsaken suitor on what they said must be her death-bed?

The carriage was waiting at Chepstow—the close carriage, which had been called my lady's own.

Guy made a hasty inquiry of the footman, and learned that his cousin was still alive.

The little heir was a fine child, but his father seemed too broken down with grief even to notice him.

"I am glad you are come, my lord," said the man, respectfully. "My master has done nothing but count the hours until you could arrive."

The news of her brother's accession to the earldom had been written by Kate Ainslie to Lady Dacres.

Through all the household it was known that my lady's cousin was now Lord Earl, and—such is poor human nature—their respect and deference for him had, perhaps, increased accordingly.

It came on Guy with a pang, as he stood in the grand entrance-hall of Castle Dacres, the contrast between this and the last. He remembered Vivian in her queenly beauty and a sigh escaped him as he recalled the lovely chatelaine lay dying.

"Thank Heaven, you are come!"

It was the baronet's voice.

Sir John held Guy Ainslie's hand in eager greeting.

He had forgotten this young man was his sometime rival: he cared only to remember that Vivian had loved him dearly, that all her life he had filled a brother's place to her.

"How is she?"

"Dying."

"Nay," said Guy, warmly; "while there is life there must be hope. You must not despair, Sir John: Vivian is so young.

Sir John shook his head.

"And do you think I have not hoped? Do you think I willingly despaired? I tell you Guy, I seem to have lived an eternity since they told me the truth.

"I longed for an heir. When a man is as rich as I am, it is hard he should have no son to come after him: but I would be heirless gladly if that could bring me back my wife in her health and strength."

Guy could not answer. It seemed to him that words were powerless before such a grief as this.

"She loved you as a brother always," said the baronet, gently. "I am quite sure she never had an unkind thought of you in her heart."

It dawned on Guy she had had no cause since she was the sinner, he the sinned against.

He said nothing of that, only asked if he could see his cousin.

"I want you to go to her at once. Guy, you must be careful; remember, she knows nothing of her state. Do not alarm her."

The new Lord Earl made him no promises.

To him it seemed fearful that Vivian's soul should be allowed to take wing without preparation or thought.

He followed his host through the long corridors till they reached the apartment of Lady Dacres.

A nurse opened the door, but only Guy entered.

It seemed that poor Sir John could not command his feelings sufficiently to see his wife without alarming her.

Beautiful as she had been in the days of health, a delicate rose flush upon her face, her eyes gleaming with unnatural brilliancy was Vivian, Lady Dacres.

Looking at her it seemed impossible to imagine that in a few hours there would remain of all that loveliness nothing but a memory and a name.

She put out her hand.

"Have you come at last?"

"I came as soon as I received your husband's summons, dear."

She turned her eyes restlessly round the room, and then said, feverishly—

"Send them away."

The attendants had probably, been warned by the doctor that it was no use to cross her wishes.

They vanished silently, without even waiting for Guy's request.

He and his sometime betrothed were left alone.

She put her hand into his; she turned her face, with its strange, bewitching beauty, towards his and she said, wildly—

"Guy, do you know why I have sent for you?"

"Because you wished to see me," he rejoined, soothingly. "Because in sickness the mind often turns towards those we have known and loved in childhood."

"No!"—excitement lent her voice new strength. "I sent for you to tell me the truth. Why do the nurses look at me with frightened faces?

"Why do the doctors turn away when I ask how soon I shall be well? Why does my husband never come to me? I know he loves me. I have been vain and wilful, Guy; but Sir John loves me still."

"He loves you as his own life. He would give that life willingly, Vivian, to prolong yours."

A light broke on her at his words.

"Then that is it? I am dying, and they would not tell me."

"Guy was silent, only his eyes rested on her face with a look of undying tenderness—she had been his darling, his first love. Lilian could not grudge her his affection, since one look at Vivian's face told that she was dying.

Guy, speak! Tell me, is it so?"

"We fear so," and his strong voice trembled. Vivian, my darling, humanly speaking, you have but a few hours with us, dear," and he pushed back the soft hair from her brow caressingly. "We would save you, if we possibly could; aye, at any cost."

There was no response to his caresses; for full a minute she was silent, then she said, simply—

"I don't think I am sorry."

"Vivian!"

"Does it surprise you. I have found the world so tiring, Guy; I have been weary—oh, so weary of my life. I don't think I am sorry it is nearly over."

"My dearest, you are an idolized wife. Young, lovely, with all good gifts around you, can you be content to leave them behind?"

"I think so."

"Vivian!"

"I am dying," she whispered, "it can wrong no one. Oh, Guy! do you know many a time this autumn I have felt I could die willingly just for the sake of one sight of your face, one glance of tenderness from you."

The strong man's breast heaved. What could he say in presence of such a great grief?

Vivian went on with the strange, supernatural strength born of great excitement.

"It will all come right now," she said, with a sweet, sad smile. "I am dying, you see, Guy, and I have repented so bitterly of my sin that I think it must be forgiven. I sold myself for gold, you see, dear, but it never brought me any happiness—I wanted my husband's wealth and your love too.

"I knew that though I was his wife I should hate any girl who consoled you for my deceit. I did hate her, Guy; I was very cruel to her.

"I would have kept you apart by any stratagem; it was very wicked of me I know. Oh, Guy, many a time her blue eyes have haunted me.

"I have seen her face as I saw it here pleading to me for pity, for womanly compassion, until my remorse has been more than I could bear.

"I know now that she was good and true. But I thought you loved her; and when Sir Ronald Treviyn told me the history of her life! used it as a pretence to get rid of her, for I wanted to part you."

Guy Ainslie's breath went faster. She was dying, he could not be hard upon her; but, oh, how she had injured Lilian!

"Don't be angry," she pleaded; "I shall soon be gone. She will have you all her life, and I shall only have kept you apart a few months."

Guy turned away in sorrow from the silent pathos of her eyes.

"You love her," whispered Vivian. "When I die Lilian will be your dear wife."

"Heaven willing," he said, firmly.

"Ay, I fancied it would be so; in fact, I knew it ever since the news came that my device had failed, that she had found a happier home than ever Castle Dacres could have been, as companion to the Countess Leigh.

"Perhaps you knew it," she said, seeing Guy express no surprise. "I thought I would tell it you, and then you would forgive me for sending her away. I had parted you once; I thought if I brought you together it might atone."

"I did know it," said Guy, gently; "but I thank you from my heart. Vivian, dear, be assured that I forgive you, that Lilian will never think unkindly of you. We shall remember how, upon your death-bed, your last thought was of our happiness."

"You will be happy," said the dying girl, firmly. "She will value your love more than the title you will give her, and yet it is passing strange her marriage with you will give her back the home and name she lost nearly eighteen months ago."

"The home and name?"

"Surely she has told you! She was your kinsman's adopted child—the girl for whom he intended the wealth and estates now yours."

"But Miss Earl died."

"She seemed to die. When Sir Ronald Treviyn deserted her, rather than live at the charity of old friends, she resolved to disappear, and begin life afresh. Surely you know this?"

"I did not know this. Vivian, after all, you have restored us to each other; the one obstacle between us was the mystery of Lilian's birth."

"It is growing very dark," said Vivian, faintly. "A mist is coming before my eyes. Oh, Guy, can it be the end?"

He rang hastily for the nurses; then, with one arm round her, her head resting on his broad shoulder, he sat and waited—waited for the dread angel's coming.

"He'll be all alone," she whispered, suddenly. "Sir John will never love him, because he has cost my life. Guy, be kind to my little child for my sake."

He promised her. He felt, rather than saw, that she grew weaker.

Suddenly she turned towards him, he bent his ear to catch the whisper—

"It is coming," she said, faintly. "Guy, the weariness is over, there is light and peace."

A smile of undying sweetness was on her lips, and she fell back dead, just as her husband entered the room.

A very solemn time seemed the next few days to Lord Earl.

Sir John was quite overcome with grief. Every arrangement, every order devolved upon the man poor Vivian had loved so fondly, and he never seemed to shirk them.

It was only on the third day after Vivian's death that Guy thought of sending for his sister.

Sir John caught at the idea warmly. Who so fit to take care of Vivian's baby as the woman whom she had loved almost as a mother?

A very warm appeal was made to Kate Ainslie, and when she reached the Castle Sir John's face brightened for the first time since his loss, and the little girls smiled cheerfully once more.

Guy knew that he had done the best thing in the world for the bereaved family, and that, with Kate to take his place in Monmouthshire, he could well be spared directly after the funeral to commence the quest he so longed to undertake—the finding out of the true name of his kinsman's adopted child.

Very warm was the welcome which greeted the new master of Earlsmere.

If the solicitor and his friend at first blamed Lilian a little for the girlish caprice which had made her prefer to be thought dead than live upon their charity, they forgave her when they remembered the bitter sorrow, the heart rending grief, amid which her decision was made.

"And it was the best plan of getting rid of Sir Ronald Treviyn," said Mr. Martin, plainly. "He loved her just well enough not to care to lose her. He would have been a black shadow haunting her pathway forever. Still, I think she might have trusted us."

"Poor child!" said the Captain, warmly, "she had had a sharp lesson in mistrust, and somehow, she had every instinct of noble birth.

"It was natural to her to prefer any hardships to living upon the charity of strangers."

"Then you forgive her?" said Guy, brightly. "When I bring her home as Countess Earl you promise not to upbraid her for the past?"

"You are going to marry her?"

"I knew her in the hour of her greatest need," said Guy, simply, "and I think I loved her even then. If I can only trace her parentage or persuade her to come to me without discovering it I shall marry her at once."

"Strange! and the late lord's wishes will be fulfilled—his darling will be mistress of Earlsmere. I shouldn't wonder if I could help you in your quest."

"How?"

"Remember, I only tell it you as a strange coincidence, which struck me at the time. Your late cousin died of heart disease."

"So I have heard."

"You are probably aware that death from heart disease is generally brought on by some sudden shock."

"Yes; but——"

"It is proved that the only excitement Lord Earl underwent the day of his death was an interview with a rough, poorly-dressed woman named Bond, a strange, disreputable sort of person, whom the servants shrank from admitting, but with whom the Earl sat talking, in his office for nearly an hour.

"Now, Lord Earl, what subject would have been so engrossing to your cousin as his darling?"

"But——"

"You are thinking Mrs. Bond does not sound like a nice mother-in-law. I do not believe she was related in the least to the so-called Miss Earl; but I believe she knew of her birth, and that Lord Earl paid her a certain sum yearly on condition that she did not reveal the fact that Lilian was not his own child.

"I should have investigated the matter myself pretty sharply; but before I discovered these facts the poor girl had, as I believed, ended her troubles, and it, therefore, seemed useless to me to attempt to raise the curtain of silence Lord Earl had flung over her history."

"Mr. Martin, how am I to thank you?"

"I need no thanks. I can do something more. The receipts are all dated from a narrow street off the Gray's-inn-road; and as people of her stamp don't change their residence often, I think if you were to go there there's little doubt you would ascertain everything you wished to know, that is, of course, if you were willing to pay for it.

"Mrs. Bond doesn't strike me as a person likely to give anything without being amply remunerated for it."

Late as it was Lord Earl traveled back to London.

Guy's faith in Mr. Martin's information sustained a severe shock when he stood before the miserable dwellings where Mrs. Bond lived, and saw the wretched wreck of womanhood to whom his letter had been addressed.

She was not an old woman, counting by years and months, but the demon of intemperance had set his mark upon her.

"And you're the new Lord Earl?" said the hag, abruptly. "And what's your business with me, I wonder? The late lord was a good friend to me and mine. Many's the sovereign I've had t' on him."

Guy's answer was to take a handful of gold from his pocket and show it to her.

"This shall be yours and as much more if you will tell me all you know of the girl who was adopted by the late Lord Earl."

The woman's eyes sparkled greedily.

"But she's dead! It can't do you any good to rake up her story."

"I am a rich man, and can afford to pay for my fancies."

A strange softness came to the sharp face.

"I'll never tell a word that'll hurt my lady's memory. I was her nurse, you see, and I loved her well."

"I never harmed a woman in my life," said Guy, firmly. "I shall never reveal a word you tell me if it can injure your lady, living or dead."

"Well, then, I'll take your money, for times are hard enough, and I've missed Lord Earl's sovereigns many a time."

"You have my promise; go on. Tell me who was the girl Lord Earl introduced everywhere as his daughter?"

"I can't tell you in your fashion," said the woman, abruptly; "I must tell my story my own way. I was waiting maid to Miss Costillon, and she was the fairest creature you ever saw. I'd been her nurse, you see, and I loved her.

"Yes," said Guy, hastily. "Go on."

"She was engaged to Lord Earl, but he was a bit grave and old for a young thing like Miss Rosamond, and I wasn't much surprised when one morning she was gone; and we all knew pretty well it was because she loved another man better than she ever could love Lord Earl."

"And that other?"

"I couldn't tell you: I may have suspicions, but they aren't facts. Well, I left the Costillons, and set up business for myself, and one day I met my old mistress, my Miss Rosamond, pale and sad-looking, with a baby in her arms.

"It was my own young lady," went on the woman quickly, "and what could I do but take her in—her and her child? She hadn't a penny in the world; but for the little one, I think she'd have made away with herself."

"And she stayed with you?"

"Aye; but she was too proud to be a drag on me. I fancy, one night, somehow, she met Lord Earl—him she ought to have married—and told him her story. Anyway, he came—he had a young wife of his own then—one day and saw me, and gave me money: he said Miss Rosamond and her baby were to want for nothing.

"He sent money every now and then; but her heart was just broken, and she died before her child was six months old.

I knew then he meant folks to think she was his daughter, and I held my tongue faithfully."

"And who was your lady's lover? Mrs. Bond, you may not know his name, but you must have suspicions, which are almost certainty."

"I know nothing. He was a brave young soldier. Miss Rosamond said he married her, and I always thought so, too, for he just worshipped the ground she trod on; but he went off to India, and his fine mother wrote and said the marriage was no marriage."

"And his name?"

The woman got up and began looking in an old desk.

At last she brought out a package yellow with age, addressed in a faint, trembling handwriting "To my darling child."

"I promised Miss Rosamond on her death-bed I'd give these to her daughter if she grew to be a woman. I've had heaps of ups and downs; but, whatever I've lost I've kept these. I meant to give them to her, only Lord Earl would not let me see her, and then the news came she was dead."

Guy took up the money he had promised, and added a crisp bank note from his purse.

"I am Lord Earl's nearest kinsman; you will give me those papers, Mrs. Bond."

CHAPTER XVI.

LILIAN looked up into Lord Leigh's face with the utmost wonderment.

"There is some mistake," said, gently. "I am Lady Leigh's companion."

The Earl started.

"What is your name?"

A crimson blush dyed the girl's face; she hesitated.

"My dear," said Lord Leigh, in a tone of great agitation; "I may have alarmed you, but I implore you to be frank with me. In the excitement of the moment I mistook you for my dear wife. I know now that it was an idle fancy; the grave does not give up its dead, and she I loved has been sleeping her quiet sleep for well nigh twenty years. I am old enough to be your father. Do not refuse my request. Tell me your name and history, and if you know of anything that can explain the resemblance which so bewilders me."

Lilian grew calmer.

"It is a painful confession," she said, with sad pathos; "but I have no name of my own. I was brought up by Lord Earl—I never knew that I was not his child—I am sure he loved me as such."

"And he never told you of your parentage?"

"Never! He died suddenly; it was only after his death that I learned I was not Lilian Earl."

The Earl of Leigh hesitated.

"Lord Earl was a good man," he muttered; "but to bring up a rival's child, and give her a father's love, surely that was beyond him!" Then he turned to Lilian, "Did you ever hear him speak of your mother?"

"Oh, yes; he told me I was her image, that she was very young and very unhappy. He often prayed that I might have a longer, brighter life. It used to puzzle me, for when he came back to England people who had known his wife used to tell me I bore no resemblance to her."

"Do you know what I think," said the Earl, very gravely. "I believe that you are my own child. Lord Earl knew my wife and loved her. When I was called to India and my darling was left alone, she may have received the generosity of her old friend in her hour of need."

Lilian was silent from blank amazement.

"I think it must be so," said the peer, gently. "No stranger's child could bear my Rosamond's face, no other woman's daughter could be so dear to Lord Earl.

"I think, Lilian, that you are, in very truth, my daughter, and my mother's grandchild. I shall never rest until I ascertain the truth; but, however, it may be you and I can never be as strangers again. You have my dead wife's face; for her sake I must love you dearly."

For some days all his researches seemed fruitless, but one morning a card was brought to Lord Leigh bearing the title of his rival of other days, and before he had recovered from his amazement, Lord Earl entered.

"I come on a strange errand," he said briefly. "I am here, my lord, in answer to the enquiries you addressed yesterday to my lawyer.

"The quest you wish to undertake has been my charge. The young lady in whose welfare you profess an interest is the only child of Rosamond Costilion. I can produce the woman to whose care her dying mother left her, by whom she was later delivered to my kinsman, Lord Earl."

Lord Leigh's face lighted up under a great thankfulness.

"My Rosamond's child! Thank Heaven for that; I can make up to Lilian for her mother's wrongs."

"She requires nothing at your hands."

"She is my own child."

"Unhappily so; I pray that she may never know it. As my loved and honored wife she will be guarded from every sorrow. I pray Heaven I may always keep from her the shadow on her birth."

"Are you beside yourself, Lord Earl?"

"No; I wish I were."

"Are you aware that Lilian is my daughter? She cannot marry anyone without my consent."

"You have no rights over her. You shall never break her heart as you broke her mother's."

"I think you do not know the circumstances of the case, Lord Earl; my wife and I were separated by the cruellest treachery. For twenty years I have mourned her faithfully. The very sight of her daughter's face brought back my grief in all its force."

"Your wife?"

"Yes," with a smile. "I see you have thought very hard things of me, Lord Earl; but in one point you are mistaken, Rosamond Costilion was my wife as far as law could make her. She died the Honorable Mrs. Carruthers, and her only child Lilian, is the heiress of our house."

* * * * * *

And so the little waif and stray, the girl who had been "nameless" found herself the idolized daughter of a noble house.

The Earl of Leigh would gladly have kept his child as the sunshine of his home; but he could not refuse her to the man who had loved her so patiently, and so well.

In July, when the rich, late flowers blossomed on Vivian's grave, the man she had loved so wildly married his second choice.

Archibald Darby read the solemn service; Daisy and Pansy with the little Grants, formed part of the train of white-robed maidens who clustered round the bride, and tears stood in Lord Leigh's eyes as he gazed on his daughter, and thought of the contrast between her wedding and her mother's.

Years have passed since that happy bridal. Archibald Darby has found consolation in Pansy Dacres' blue eyes, and a tiny fair-haired boy, who rejoices in the lofty-sounding title of Guy Ormond Dacres, is often in the nursery at Earlsmere playing with a dark-haired child called Rosamond.

Sir John Dacres has taken a third wife, no other than Kate Ainslie. He found his home so desolate without her that he begged her to return as its mistress, and in his heart he knows there is more true peace and happiness at Castle Dacres than was ever felt there when his beautiful idolized Vivian was its queen.

Of her Lilian and Guy talk often. They can never forget the lovely, imperious creature who played so great a part in both their lives. True to their generous nature they never think of the misery she brought them; they prefer to remember she spent her last hour on earth in giving Guy the clue which aided him in his task of proving that our heroine was not Nameless.

[THE END.]

A Summer Romance.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

WHAT whim induced Atheline Herne to renounce a fashionable watering-place, and the society of her aristocratic friends, and bury herself in the savage precints of the little country town of Aldervilte?

Her friends wondered, perhaps she wondered herself; but not being one of those who feel bound to give voice to every emotion, she was mute.

It was simply a freak of hers. Perhaps away down in her great heart she was weary of the selfishness, the frivolity, the glitter and show of fashionable life, and longed for the pure, true friendship of nature.

She remembered, years ago, when life was fresh and new, how she had spent a summer in the country.

She recalled the smell of spruce and pine when the summer sun was hot; the murmuring, dreamy music of the brook winding through green pastures; the bleat of the white lambs on the high hills, and the patient, brown-eyed cattle, driven up the dewy lane by the whistling cowboy.

She was sixteen then; now she was twenty-five; old enough to feel a thrill of pleasure in the prospect of living over again a sweet past.

Atheline had some love phases. They had affected her lightly, simply because her best nature had never been touched.

The golden apples had changed to dross in her hands, and left no pain behind. Sometimes she thought she was not like other women—that with loving she had no part.

Pride kept her from the sensation of emptiness when she looked into her heart.

The middle of June found Miss Herne quietly settled for the summer in an old farm-house on the banks of the Merrimac. Free of all fashionable restrictions, at liberty to dress in calico, and wear her rippling brown hair in a net, guiltless of rats and waterfalls.

Miss Herne was beautiful, and an heiress in her own right.

Her near relatives were all in the world beyond, and there were none to place upon her any restraint.

Mrs. Marshall, with whom Atheline boarded, had been an old friend of her mother's, and took a kindly interest in the girl's welfare.

Just interest enough not to be burdensome—not to make it seem officious; for there certainly is an extent to the degree in which people may be interested in us if we are to be rendered happy by it.

The Marshalls were quiet people; they had passed their lives on the farm where they now resided, and which, for the beauty of its location and surroundings, stood without a rival.

Miss Herne slept late the morning after her arrival at the farm.

When she opened her window to let in the fragrance of the sweet air and the music of the birds, the beauty of the morning struck through to her heart as nothing else had the power to do.

She acknowledged the sovereignty of nature, but she instinctively looked down upon the sturdy farm-laborers who went whistling away to the fields in striped frocks and blue overalls.

What a pity, she thought, to have to confound the sweet smell of crimson clover and damask roses with the overalls and striped frocks.

Atheline was a haughty patrician.

This half contempt for the lower classes of society was a part of her education; she was not to blame, perhaps, for her prejudices.

She had been taught to regard the contemptible distinctions of society as second in sacredness only to her religion.

She went down to her late breakfast in a pink wrapper, with all her shining hair hidden away in a gold colored net.

Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with looking out over the dew-wet fields.

While Atheline discussed the nice breakfast set before her by the careful hands of Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Marshall read to her from the morning paper.

He was interrupted by the entrance of one of the farm hands.

"Shall we hoe the corn in the Hanson lot?"

The voice that uttered the question was deep and mellow, but it grated on the sensitive ear of Miss Herne, and she glanced up at the speaker with an expression of annoyance in her face.

She met the eyes of the man fastened upon her; not in admiration, but with the cool scrutiny one bestows upon an indifferent stranger.

Miss Herne flushed slowly, and was desperately angry with herself when she felt the blood creeping hot to her cheek.

The face beneath the rough straw hat was brown as a berry; but the eyes were unusually fine, the features good, and the bronze hair and beard soft and shining as floss silk.

Besides, he was tall, slender, and muscular—altogether a man to be depended upon.

Atheline scorned herself for looking at him, and wondered if she was expected to eat her breakfast with that country loon looking on.

Mr. Marshall, good old soul, felt called upon to do something in the case.

"This is Miss Herne, Vert. She was wishing for water-lilies only a little while ago. It is rather early, I suppose; do you think you could find any for her?"

"I will make the attempt if you wish me to, sir," Vert replied, never once looking at Atheline.

In spite of her cool self-control, she felt the slight.

He would do his master's bidding, but not at her pleasure, and she silently determined that if the lilies came, with ever so subtle a fragrance in their golden heart, she would not notice them.

Miss Herne was doing a very unwise thing; suffering herself to get indignant with this man, and thus allowing him to occupy her thoughts.

At dinner, a slender glass full of lilies stood beside her plate.

The dreamy odor almost made her dizzy with delight but she would not look at them until Mrs. Marshall directed her attention.

Then she simply said:

"Ah! yes—they are early, aren't they? How nice your peas are, Mrs. Marshall,"

As the days passed, Atheline saw Vertner Fales very frequently.

He was Marshall's chief adviser, and took his meals with the family.

He never spoke to Miss Herne, never seemed to be aware of her presence; and though she said to herself every day that she would go away from the farm on purpose to be rid of his society, still she did not go.

One fine evening she started to walk down to the village.

It was full two miles, but Miss Herne was a good pedestrian. She had not gone far when a carriage stopped at her side, and looking up, she met the dark, brilliant eyes of young Fales.

"Will you ride down?" he asked her.

"No," she answered, shortly and ungraciously enough.

"Ah!"

He did not repeat the invitation; only gave the sleek farm horses the rein and went on. A few rods ahead, he stopped at the cottage of the Widow Morgan.

Nellie, her pretty, golden-haired daughter, was gathering honeysuckle in the yard.

Vert said something to her, as Atheline swept down the road, and very soon the carriage, with Nellie beside the handsome driver, dashed past Atheline, enveloping here in a cloud of dust.

Atheline said that night to Mrs. Marshall:

"Is it the Widow Morgan's cottage down by the willows?"

"Yes. She lives there all alone with Nellie. She is the belle of the village."

"The widow?"

"No, dear, Nellie. She has the pinkest cheeks, and such pretty yellow curls. I wish you could see her."

Atheline shrugged her shoulders.

"Blonde beauties are not to my taste. Dear me! how very close the air is."

Two days afterward, Miss Herne went off by herself for a ramble in the woods. In truth, she spent a great deal of her time in solitary wanderings among the shadows of the pasture groves and beside the river. She spent the afternoon pleasantly, gathering wild blossoms, and near sundown she seated herself on a fallen tree to arrange her treasures.

A couple of colts started out from the brush-wood, and with the shy yet ardent curiosity of their race, they began making advances with a view to a closer acquaintance.

Atheline was city bred, and of course she had an idea that all animals in a pasture were to be regarded as savage, and with a quick bound she reached the top of a high stone wall, intending to leap down on the other side.

But on the other side there ran a wide, deep ditch nearly full of water, and she dared not make the leap.

And to go back the way she had come was impossible, for the frisky colts were putting their heels into the air in a way extremely terrific to a woman with nerves. Vert Fales was moving just beyond the ditch, and directly he glanced up.

An amused expression came into his face. Atheline could have forgiven anything but that. And that, never!

He bounded forward, reached up his strong arms, and taking her down, carried her to the firm ground beyond.

How crimson her face grew!

"How dare you?" she cried, hotly.

"You looked uncomfortable. If you are offended, save your anger for some one who will appreciate it."

He took up his scythe and resumed his labor. Atheline hurried home, at war with everybody.

She ate no supper, and went to her room at eight.

She tried to think herself disgraced by the free touch of that country clown.

The hands he had held so close thrilled under the cold flash of their diamond rings; the cheek his soft hair had brushed grew red as wine.

Miss Herne wondered what was the matter with her that she could not sleep. The night was so warm!

She put her wrapper 'round her and sat hours before the dawn came by her chamber window.

When she went down to breakfast she found a copy of Mrs. Browning's sonnets on her plate; the very book she had wished for yesterday at dinner; and on opening it, a little slip of paper fell out.

And written on it were the words:

"I spoke rudely to you yesterday; I am penitent. Forgive me."

Although she had never seen his chirography, she knew that Vert Fales had written it.

She tore the paper into shreds, shut the book and tossed it among the papers on a side table, mentally vowing never to look inside it so long as she lived.

Do not, I beg of you, get the impression that this heroine of mine was bad tempered; she was only proud, and angry with herself for seeming in any way interested in a bulgar laborer.

Before the week was out, she had learned enough of Vertner Fales' history to force her to respect him.

His father had been a wealthy merchant, but through the villainy of friends had been reduced to poverty.

He had died shortly afterward, and left a fragile wife and two sons—Vertner and Juan.

Vertner was in college at the time, within three months of graduation; but he left at once, and devoted himself to the sad task of comforting his mother.

Without the means to pursue the study of the profession he had chosen, he had given it up, and engaged himself as a day laborer on the farm of Mr. Marshall, where his remuneration was sure.

He had toiled early and late, besides doing copying for a city register, in order that he might be able to defray the expenses of his brother at the university where he was studying for the ministry.

For Juan Fales was a youth of rare promise, but alas! he was blind.

Atheline heard the whole story, with many touching little additions, from Mrs. Marshall; but she listened with apparent indifference, and did not remark upon it when the old lady had finished.

A few days afterward, Vertner Fales was surprised by receiving from the treasurer of the H—— University a receipt in full for the two years' expense yet remaining to complete his brother's tuition.

On writing to the gentleman he had only been able to ascertain that the amount of the receipt had been paid by a person to the treasurer unknown, who stated that it was done by one strongly interested in the education of the blind.

Vertner was mystified, but a great weight was lifted from his shoulders.

He could now give his mother some comforts of which she had been denied, and which were essential to her enjoyment. And seeing her so much happier, he went about with a lighter heart, and the people at Mr. Marshall's wondered what had made such a change in Fales.

Atheline said nothing, but had she chosen she might have explained the mystery.

The summer wore away.

It was very delightful at Marshall farm; Atheline grew more attached to the place every day.

But her city friends were impatient to welcome her return, and so the last day of August came, and she was to leave Aldervilte on the first of September.

Toward sundown she went for a walk in the south pasture where the asters grow.

It was a long walk, and the sun was sinking into a mass of inky clouds low lying in the west, before she was ready to return.

The wind muttered dolefully in the pine-trees; it was falling dark very fast, and along the line of black clouds she caught the glimmer of lightning. There was a shower gathering.

She hurried on, her hair tumbling about her shoulders in rippling masses, her scarf lost, and her bare neck swept by the electric wind.

She caught the first hoarse peal of thunder soon, and directly a cold drop of rain fell on her forehead.

It was useless to attempt to reach the farm by the road before the tempest should set in, and there was no house nearer.

A moment she stood still in despair. Then suddenly it flashed upon her, she could cross the river on the railroad bridge! It would lessen the distance more than one-half, and she had the utmost confidence in her ability to keep a steady head. Not once did she think of the evening express train, which was even then due, so anxious was she to reach home before the storm broke.

She flew toward the bridge. It was a high, narrow structure, spanning the stream at the narrowest point, while underneath, the water roared like mad over the sharp rocks.

Beneath the ties which upheld the rails was a sheathing of zinc to protect the timbers from moisture, but hardly equal to the duty of supporting the weight of a human being.

Atheline paused a moment on the verge of the bridge to steady her nerves, for she saw that she must step from tie to tie in order to cross.

She took the first step, and then heard a shout:

"Go back, instantly! The train has whistled for Lock's Cross Roads! Go back, I tell you!"

She recognized the voice before she looked up to see Vertner Fales standing at the opposite end of the bridge.

Had it been any other she might have obeyed him; him she would not. She kept on boldly.

"Goodness!" he cried; "are you mad?"

Still no answer, but the same quiet advance.

There was a roar behind her which she knew was not the roar of the river; a red light from the signal lantern flashed across the water; she heard the sharp signal to down brakes, and realized her danger.

And just then Vert Fales stood face to face with her, his eyes burning down into hers.

Only a second, and he had crushed her down upon the timbers, prone between the rails, and thrown himself beside her.

"Be still, on your life!" he whispered, hoarsely; and then——

She felt the red hot breath of the locomotive sweep over her; fire seemed all around her.

The frail fabric beneath shook fearfully; she strove to rise, but an iron hand held her down.

There was one terrible moment of agonizing suspense, and then the fearful roar of the train was passing into the distance, and once more the free air swept the face of Atheline.

Vert Fales lifted her up and bore her swiftly and silently across the bridge. She made no resistance now.

She let him hold her closely as he pleased for she remembered that but for him she would now have been in eternity.

The rain was falling in torrents.

Vert took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and led her to a dense thicket of spruce just on the river bank, which afforded a partial shelter.

Atheline found voice first.

"Mr. Fales," she said, with emotion, "how shall I offer you my gratitude?"

He looked at her, but did not speak. Beneath his eyes her face flushed red as June roses.

The revelation came to her very fully, then.

She knew why she had felt so angry at herself whenever she had thought of Vertner Fales.

She knew why she could never trust herself to speak of him or even think of him in the presence of others.

For an instant there was a fierce struggle in this proud woman's heart, and then love thrust pride back.

He came close to her and took her hands in his.

"Dare I ask it?" he said, passionately. "Atheline, in spite of all, I love you, and dare I ask a return?"

"No," she said, trembling, "you may not ask it, for—it is already given."

He drew her into his arms.

"Kiss me, dear; I shall realize my great happiness better."

She touched her lips to his, forgetting that she was kissing a poor farm laborer; ignoring what her friends would say when they knew that she loved a man who wore a striped frock.

But in the midst of the sublime content she thought of what had just passed, and shuddered even with his arms around her.

He drew her closer.

"What is it, darling?"

"I was only thinking that if you had not been here a moment ago, and I had died, missing this great joy!"

"But I was here. I have followed you at a distance all day—followed you with a sore heart. I knew it was my last chance, and when I met your eyes, I was a very coward!

"I saw you when you started to cross the bridge, and called out to you, but you did not heed me. Well, perhaps it is as well."

"It is better," she said, humbly, "for, Vert, in my hateful pride I might never have acknowledged how it was killing me to treat you so coldly had I not owed to you my life!"

The clouds broke soon, the evening star looked out of the lucid west.

Vertner Fales and Atheline walked to the farm through the wet grass, never thinking of the discomfort.

Atheline announced to delighted Mrs. Marshall her intention of remaining at the farm through the autumn.

And early in the winter, Miss Horne's dear five hundred friends were electrified by the return of their favorite, accompanied by her husband, a man who rapidly made his way upward, until, at length, he held the highest office in the gift of the State.

Hop Poles.—Among the best hop poles in England are those made from the sweet chestnut, the wood of which is more durable when young than when old, the sap or outlet wood soon changing into heart wood. Insects never touch its leaves.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[Continued.]

THE breakfast things were on the table, and sitting at the tea-tray with her back to the window, with the light behind her, was a lady reading a letter.

"She wore a white dress—in the fashion of fifty years ago, with short waist, and gigot sleeves.

"She was pretty, and might be from twenty-five to thirty years of age. Then I saw a man. I shut my eyes, and see his face now—coming up the garden—with a gun under his arm.

"He had a bad face, and there was a look of deadly intent on it; his eyes were fixed on the woman with her back to him. He stepped quietly inside the window; he meant to have shot her from behind, I could see, but she turned round quickly (some instinct, I suppose), and saw the gun levelled at her—saw the man.

"She made a gesture of horror—of supplication—in vain; before she had time to scream or to articulate a sound he had pulled the trigger, and shot her through the heart!

"He held the gun so close to her that the fire of the charge scorched her dress. She fell—without a struggle—prone on her face, down on the floor between the table and the window.

"He quickly composed her white gown, now all dabbled with blood—laid the gun as if it had fallen out of her hand—and ran hurriedly down the garden, looking behind him, and from side to side as he ran; and then I awoke, trembling all over, and in a cold perspiration, my teeth shaking in my head!"

"Indeed, I don't wonder!" exclaimed Rosamond, emphatically. "But what did you have for supper?"

"Nonsense, my dear child, I dreamt this ghastly dream three nights running, and the effect on my mind and my system was such that I had to go away for a change.

"Of course, I was laughed at and ridiculed by some, and by none more than my elder sister, Lady Charlotte Forbes. Time went on, years passed, say three or four, I was married, and I was on a visit to this very sister in a part of England I had never been in before.

"My husband had not succeeded to this place and title, and Charlotte's mind was full of our settling down near her and being neighbors.

"One day she and I and our two husbands started off to see a place we had heard a great deal about, some miles from her house.

"We drove over in an open chariot, I remember, and four horses, with two postilions in yellow jackets.

"Well, well, that's neither here nor there is it? No sooner had we driven a little way up the avenue, and come in sight of the house than I knew it. It was the house of my dream.

"I got quite a start, and was very much agitated, and, of course, my companions were at a loss to know what ailed me. I soon told them, and how they laughed and jeered at me!

"I had this dream then still on the brain. I was crazy on the subject. I said nothing till we drove up, and then I said, 'Will you believe me if I go straight to the dining-room, and see if it is as I describe—chimney-piece to left hand, window facing door, eight large oil-paintings hanging round?' and they all agreed.

"So we went in. It was the same hall exactly. I felt as if I had lived in the house, I knew it so well, and I walked to the right-hand door at once, and opened it and said to the housekeeper, 'This must be the dining-room.'

"I looked in, we all looked in. There was a room shaped as I said, but now furnished as a drawing-room.

"I felt that I looked a little foolish, but still I was not to be disheartened by Charlotte's smiles, and presently the housekeeper said—

"'It was odd your remarking, 'this must be the dining-room,' ma'am. "One would think you had been here before."

"'Yes,' I gasped, eagerly.

"'For,' she went on, 'it always was the dining-room till about four years ago, and we changed into the drawing-room, because ——'

"'Because what?'" I cried, impatiently. 'Did anything happen here?'

"'Yes. My late mistress shot herself just in this spot,' pointing to the very place, 'one morning at breakfast time?'

"'On purpose?' I asked, sinking into a chair.

"'Well, no one knows. No one saw it done. The gun was found lying by her side discharged. She was in a pool of blood stone dead.'

"'And your master: that's him,' I said, pointing to a picture over the chimney-piece, that seemed to have its eyes fixed on me in a threatening manner.

"'Yes,' I see you know him, ma'am,' she said, 'and it's very like him.'

"'Was he sorry?' I was obliged to ask.

"'Oh, bless your dear heart, yes. I never saw anyone take on like him. He were nearly wild with grief, at leastways at first.

"'He could not bear to go near the body, nor to look at it at any price, nor even to stay a night in the house.

"'He went off, and within four months he married a young lady that used to be staying here at times. A very pretty and sweet lady she were, too! and they never came here since.

"'He can't abear the place—he lets it; but anyway, let or empty, it's no matter, he's a rich man, for the mistress had made a will shortly before her death, and left him all her money, and this place it was here.'

"And the housekeeper went on to say that the lady's relatives came and made many inquiries, and said some terrible things about the widower, and were full of suspicions, but nothing was proved—neither accident, suicide, or murder.

"I was the only one who knew the truth, and I declare my knees trembled under me to such an extent, only they had put me into a chair and got me a glass of water I would have fallen.

"The housekeeper thought I was just upset at the story, nothing else, but Charlotte and the the other knew better.

"I came to presently, and thought I would never get myself quick enough out of the accursed house.

"I need not tell you that we did not take it. And now, my dear girl, that is a true story. What do you think of my dream?"

"I think it was the strangest one I ever heard of. Of course you did not bring him to justice, did you?"

"I! No; how could I?"

"I suppose not, well, and yet you saw him murder his wife as plainly as you see me!" shuddering.

"Yes, just as plainly as I see you," emphatically.

"It looks as if you were just brought in your sleep as a witness, does it not?"

"Yes, it does, and shall I tell you the sequel?"

"A sequel! I did not know there was one! Of course."

"Two or three years after I was in Italy for my health, and I saw him at a masked ball at the carnival.

"The women were all masked—the men were not. He looked gloomy, morose, fierce and miserable, as if some hideous shadow was over his life.

"His wife, the woman for whom he had done it, was there, flirting and making herself very conspicuous, even for a masked ball.

"He did not seem to care. Something made me, despite of my will, despite of an agonizing struggle against it, speak to him."

"You did!" exclaimed Rosamond, in a low whisper. "You, Lady Germaine!"

"Aye, you'd hardly believe it now, would you, of a fat, common-place looking old woman like me?

"I did. I found myself standing beside him in the crowd looking on at the dancers and I said, warning him, 'You remember the morning of the nineteenth of June, eight years ago?" He turned the color of ashes.'

"'What—what,' he muttered, 'do you mean—who are you? You yellow mask, speak!'

"'I was there,' I said, 'I saw you do it! I saw you shoot her, with these eyes," looking hard at him through the mask.

"Then, if you did, for mercy sake give me up and let me suffer; the life I am living is one living torture," he hissed into my ear.

"You are a spirit," he said; "no human eye saw me do it!"

"I am not a spirit," I returned, "but I saw you. I do not mean to give you up to the hangman. Your own conscience will avenge her better than the law," and then I turned and vanished in the crowd. I never saw him again—never heard of him, but an Englishman's body was found in the Tiber not long after, and I always had an instinctive feeling that it was he. Mind you, I never asked.

"I am not sure, and, for all I know, he may be living yet, carrying his secret to the grave.

"And now, my dear child, there is the first gong. I hope I've not frightened you too much, and given you the blues. Run away now, and get yourself ready for dinner."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS Rosamond dressed herself for dinner the day following her long tete-a-tete with Lady Germaine, she could not help thinking that her great bedroom, with its massive four poster and funeral plumes, and velvet curtains, was rather an awe-inspiring looking couch, and the big massive wardrobes looked full of grim capabilities and able to harbor a legion of ghosts.

She had a big dressing-room as well, in which she was adorning herself at the present moment.

She cast occasionally, searching glances into the glowing apartment beyond, although it was lit up by a big roaring log fire.

She, however, soon was totally wrapped up in her toilette and the contemplation of her own charms in the large looking-glass, which had a pair of great silver branch candlesticks at either side.

She admired her own reflection not a little—a square-cut black satin and tulle dress a diamond collar and half a dozen diamond stars, dotted round the open body of her dress.

The effect, she told herself, was excellent.

And with a certain sense of complacency, she nodded an adieu to her smiling double in the mirror, and, taking her gloves and fan, and leaving her mind to "tidy up," went slowly downstairs.

Most of the guests had arrived in time for afternoon tea—most, but not all.

They were now assembled, black coated, or in gorgeous gowns round the two drawing-room fire-places, awaiting the ever welcome sound of the gong.

Rosamond saw a guest here she did not expect.

In short, Lord Kingsford was Lady Germaine's eligible young man.

With a sly but significant glance she led him up to Rosamond, saying—

"Lord Kingsford, let me present you to a very dear young friend of mine, Miss Dane."

"Miss Dane and I have met before," he rejoined, bowing, and Rosamond made no effort to extend her hand.

"You will take her down to dinner, then," said Lady Germaine, beaming on the pair a motherly and benignant smile, as she moved away to arrange the coupling of her other guests, little knowing, in the innocence of her heart, that it was to avoid this very gentleman Miss Dane had sought her roof, or that she was affording Lord Kingsford a priceless opportunity, an opportunity he did not mean to let slip this time.

"So you see it was not good-bye forever," he said, rather maliciously, as they walked together to the big oak-panelled dining-room, Miss Dane resting her fingers in the most gingerly manner on his coat-sleeve.

"No," very rudely, "it was too good to be true."

"Oh, I say, come, Miss Dane, "you must not be so rough on me as all that."

"Don't talk of personalities!" she exclaimed, as she seated herself.

"Talk of the weather, as we can't sit dumb. I suppose it would be too remarkable."

"The weather will soon be exhausted, it's not a topic I am great on at any time. May I not say a word of Allan Gordon?" in a low voice.

"Your question is an insult," coloring even to her neck. "If you mention the subject I shall rise and leave the table," and she looked quite prepared to do so.

Thus silenced, her companion fell into everyday topics as well as he could, and talked (and he could talk well) in a way that slightly took the edge off her anger; but he found it very hard to keep his head steady and cool, and even to make a pretence of eating his dinner, when he realized, as he did at every moment, that this lovely, disdainful looking girl sitting beside him, repudiating his attentions, scorning his confidences anent her recreant lover, was his wife, his beloved Rosamond, his mistaken, ignorant, but wholly blameless partner.

He glanced at her surreptitiously several times, and thought, "supposing I tell her now.

"Of course she would faint—it would be as though a bomb had exploded on the table before her.

"I'll make her give me a meeting to-morrow morning, and we will clear it up then and there once for all."

No sooner thought than done.

Dessert was now being handed round. He had no time to lose, so he spoke at once—

"Miss Dane, you avoid me, and I can understand why," in a low tone. "You are under a mistak.

"I mean everything for your good, for your happiness, if you will listen to me. I believe (if you are what you used to be) you will be the happiest girl in England to-morrow, that is, if you will listen to me?" anxiously.

"I will not listen to you," doggedly.

"Rosamond!" in an imploring tone, necessarily low, "you are wrong, very wrong only shortening the happy hours that are in store for you.

"If you like Lady Germaine shall be present, but speak to you I must. It is next door to a matter of life and death."

"Is it about him?" she asked, with pale lips.

"It is," he returned, in a low voice.

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, he has never forgotten you. He—he is—longing to see you" (may you be forgiven for that untruth, Allan Kingsford). A feeling that the ladies were about to rise impelled him to add hastily, "Rosamond, for heaven's sake! don't refuse me.

"Meet me in the garden on the long walk to-morrow, after breakfast, will you? Say yes, I beseech you!"

And Rosamond said, as she rose—

"Yes."

"Very well, then, this time to-morrow," picking up her fan, and putting it into her hand with a gesture of extreme significance.

"This time to-morrow you will know all," and then the ladies filed away, a goodly number, for it was a large dinner, and there were a legion of heavy dowagers and sprightly young married ladies that Lady Germaine had told Rosamond she had long been wanting "to kill off," not, be it understood, in a murderous manner, but to entertain them at a recherche meal that she considered she owed them and their lords.

"This time to-morrow I shall know all," said Rosamond, to herself.

"All what? He is going to tell me something about Allan Gordon. I know it; I saw it in his face, but what can he tell me that I do not know myself?—that he deserted me and left me to my fate six long years ago!"

CHAPTER XXX.

ROSAMOND was so unnerved, thinking of her coming interview, and wondering incredulously at what happiness would be in store for her, in rebuking herself for promising to meet Lord Kingsford and then in falling back on a sense of aching curiosity, that for an hour she sat at her fire before going to bed, staring into the coals, thinking and speculating.

At last the sound of a clock striking one, with a startling boom, hurried her into the vast expanse of cold linen sheets.

For a good while she lay watching the fire gradually getting lower, gradually the big red chasms fell in, and gradually she fell asleep.

It seemed to her that she had been a long time in the arms of Morpheus (which was a mistake).

She had not been asleep more than an hour, when she was suddenly awoke—not by degrees, but most thoroughly and completely—by a sound in the dressing-room.

Her heart beat very fast indeed—almost as if it were going to jump out of her bosom—when she saw a bright light in the adjoining dressing room door, which was slightly ajar, and there was a sound of whispering voices, and of stealthy, as though stockinged feet.

What could it mean? Who was it? There were more than one.

It was not a dream like Lady Germaine's.

No; she was awake.

She pinched herself severely in the arm to test the fact.

It was not the family apparition! She would soon know. They were coming into the room!

Whoever they were she felt her blood turn to ice in her veins as she saw three men enter the door, with a bull's-eye lantern in the hand of the first, a low set, hideous ruffian.

In one second she closed her eyes and feigned sleep—it was her only chance, and fortunately the bed, thanks to its many velvet hangings, was still in shadow.

They advanced softly.

"She's asleep, I suppose," muttered robber No. Two, in a husky whisper, jerking his head towards the bed.

"Aye, if she ain't she ought to be," replied No. One, in a savage undertone. "I'll just see!"

In another moment Rosamond was sensible of a sound of stealthy feet approaching—of a full, searching light held over her, and of a breath reeking of onions and bad brandy.

The light was held steadily before her eyes in a manner that showed every eyelash, every vein in her temples in a manner that would have disclosed at once a quivering lip, or a bead of perspiration wrung from her forehead in her agony of the ordeal.

The time was, perhaps, one minute—sixty seconds.

It seemed to Rosamond fully an hour at least.

She felt she could not hold out five seconds longer, the tension was entirely too severe.

If he did not go in another instant she must open her eyes and scream!

"Aye, she's asleep," he said, at last, and put an end to her agony by turning away the light.

"She's a mighty pretty girl, too. Just like a picture, and sleeping like a baby. It's as well she is, for if she had opened her peepers or otherwuised I'd a soon slit her pretty throat with this."

Rosamond opened cautiously half an eye, and saw that in his other hand he carried a long butcher's knife.

He went on once more—

"This was the best room for the business, as I told you. It's cut off from the wing by that door, and if Ben brings the ladder to the dressing-room window will lower away the swag.

"See now," said this man in authority, "you and Ben go and fix the ladder where I showed you, and Tom and me we'll take our pick of the plate closet.

"Bring sit up here, and lower away from that ere dressing-room winder, and fear that pretty little sleeping beauty should waken I'll just look the door.

"It's very thoughtful of folks leaving keys in the locks like this!" taking it out as he spoke; "and after a big feed like the one to-night the servants is sure to be tired, and have left half the plate out of its green baize bags or knocking about in the butler's pantry.

"Come on now, you Ben! fix the ladder. You are small, and I showed you the place to squeese through, and will do the more risky part of the business.

"Them diamonds o' hern were a find. My eye! but they are real blazers! Now, you must go like mice, for old folks is light sleepers."

So saying he motioned his confederates through the door and went out, and locked it noiselessly behind him.

When they had really gone, and the room was in darkness, Rosamond sat up and put her hands to her bursting heart.

They were coming back, that was the awful thought that filled her mind.

Her dressing-room was the focus of the whole business, and she was helpless and locked in.

What was she to do? Were she to scream she would not be heard.

Those old walls were not the modern lath and plaster, but three or four feet thick.

The doors were oak, and double. She felt like a mouse caught in a trap, and trembled from head to foot as she thought of the return of these ruffians, another agonizing ordeal from the bull's-eye lantern and, perhaps, the long knife.

She could not get the words of a piece of poetry (Tennyson's "Fair Women") out of her head even at this moment, when her memory seemed torpid and every faculty concentrated on the present.

"One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat; and nothing more."

After some little time a feeling of desperation took possession of her.

Why should she not do something? She had the use of her hands and feet.

She might—yes, in one moment's flash of light—catch these villainous burglars in their own trap, and at any rate she would not, should they murder her, perish in vain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lost Shoe.

BY G. A. WALKER.

ONCE upon a time, there was a quaint old house with odd gables and odd stacks of chimneys—with odd shaped rooms and doors where windows should naturally have appeared, and it was a place where a lot of young people came to chatter and coo and peck at cherries and berries like magpies and turtle-doves and robins through happy summers.

And the quaint old house sat in the midst of a garden as quaint and queer and irregular as itself, and into this garden there came a young man and a young woman from opposite directions, whom fate, fortune, and a bachelor uncle had designed for each other, but whom perversity—which is born neither of heaven nor management—seemed bent upon keeping asunder.

Gayette Somerville had a bright, piquant face, and bright, piquant ways, and it was easy to love her; but one would as soon expect sentiment of a lady yellow-jacket as of this yellow-haired, yellow-eyed girl, and Elbert Setoun had about determined to renounce his half-interest in the bachelor uncle's estates, rather than longer subject himself to the exigent humors of the lady-fair, only that he was really fond of the aggravating creature, and could not give up when he would.

So they came into the garden from opposite directions, and, walking through the tangled, shaded paths, Gay first approached a great wide-spreading tree, loaded on every branch with rare white cherries, ripe to deliciousness.

A ladder reached from the ground to its fruity limbs, and from behind a blackthorn bush, almost in shade of the cherry-tree, Elbert Setoun saw the young woman climb lithely up the rungs until her two small feet were planted firmly upon the round, strong, lower limb against which the ladder rested, and, with the robins, she began whistling and cramming the rare ripe cherries into her red mouth between notes.

Essaying to step up higher, a saucy twig caught at the bow on her jaunty shoe, and in an instant the small thing went brushing through the leaves earthward.

For a moment Gay looked ruefully down at the boot lying provokingly demure on the grass, and back to the slip of a foot in the dainty silken stocking; but the cherries hung in luscious clusters over her head, the robins whistled loudly on their swinging perches, great freebooting bees sailed in and out, taking honey and leaving stings, the golden caterpillars rolled dyspeptically away from this banquet in blankets of leaves, and, kissing her hand to the vagabond shoe, Gayette said, in mock petulance:

"Lay there, you beggar, until I come for you!" and presently forgot all but herself, the summer-time, the stinging-bees, the thieving robins, and the ripe, sweet fruit.

Meantime Elbert Setoun stole away from the friendly thorn-thicket, and returning again, crouched low in his ambush, and, uncoiling a bunch of gardener's wire, he proceeded to make a loop in one end of it and to carefully work it over the short grass, until, reaching it, he encircled the heel of my Lady's Gay's wayward boot.

Care and patience were both exerted to bring the trifle of leather and satin into the angler's hands, but the feat was accomplished.

And then a most ridiculous exhibition of sentiment occurred, after which the young man tucked the little shoe most uncomfortably into the inner breast pocket of his coat and went softly away.

And, after a time, the cherries grew high and the sun grew hot; the bees grew impertinent, and the robins flew with full beaks away to their nestlings; and my Lady Gay climbed down the ladder, tumbling the golden caterpillars from their blankets of leaves and hunting for her shoe.

But there was no shoe to be found.

Angry, and puzzled, she limped into the house, the sharp gravel on the walks cutting through the dainty stocking into the delicate flesh; and there was at once a great cry from the servants' hall to the poultry yard, where the speckled harem ruffled their feathers virtuously, and the sultan flapped his wings and called out lustily:

"Cock-a-doodle do!
Miss Gay has lost her shoe!"

The bachelor uncle came presently from town, and his white waistcoat swelled out with wrath at the outrageous story; the young couple laughed and made such silly rhymes as—

"Miss Gayette, she
Did climb a tree,
With cherry-birds to feast—oh!
She lost her boot
From off her foot,
And never saw the theft—oh!"

at her expense, until, in her rage and vexation, the young woman vowed that, by hook or by crook, her boot she would find, and afterward she would drop a young kitten, claws foremost, into the face of any one who dared to say "shoe" in her presence.

A week after this exploit and its attendant loss, the young people all sat down to a strawberry feast in the wide, cool piazza of the quaint old house.

The bachelor uncle with his swelling vest-front sat benignantly in the midst of the silly rhyming youngsters, and, as the laugh and the joke went round with the sugar-bowl and cream-pot as usual, Gayette, with her one shoe, came in for the chaffing.

The girl was hot-tempered. She hated witticisms of which she was the butt, and presently she grew as red as the strawberries she ground, as if they were peppered barleycorns, between, her sharp, angry teeth.

"What reward would you give the knight who made successful hunt for your slipper, Lady Gay?" asked Elbert Setoun, cunningly, as the scarlet blood began to lend fire to her yellow eyes.

"I would marry him!" she flashed, bounding away from the table.

"And make him miserable for his pains!" called out some one of the silly rhyming young people, as she slammed the door after her with a wooden protest fit to make the strawberry-bowls and the sugar-lumps, and the cream-jars dance each a jig of its own on the mahogany table.

Gayette went to her room in a pet. She wished that cherries grew on pumpkin-vines, and that shoes had never been invented; and yet, having undone her yellow hair, and donned some comfortable *negligé* of white, she deliberately took the mateless shoe from among others in a silk-pocketed basket, and, thrusting her foot into it, sat down in an easy chair, and putting both feet man-fashion upon the cushioned window-seat—one shod, the other bare—she went fast asleep in the moonlight.

Sleeping not long enough to allow the night winds the drying of her tear-wet lashes, she dreamed that a golden caterpillar unrolled from its leafy blanket out on the cherry tree, and came crawling up the gravelled walk, up over the wistaria-vines wreathing away from her window, and drew its strange, tickling length across the bottom of her naked foot.

Gayette awoke with a start.

No one, not even a worm seemed near. The moonlight flooded in white and sweet from the calm night, but upon her feet there were two shoes—the mysteriously lost was most mysteriously found.

With a spasm of triumphant delight over the discomfiture of the teasing, rhyming youngsters, she made a dive for the recovered treasure; but her nether lip fell as she held it in her hands, for written across the sole, in letters white as the moonshine she read:

"You said you would marry him who found your shoe. I put it now upon your foot, and if you do not keep your word, I will tell them all how gracefully you climb a ladder—how lovely you are asleep in the moonlight with your mouth open.

ELBERT SETOUN."

And so they became engaged, for Gayette would rather be married than ridiculed. The bachelor's uncle's white vest-front swelled to twice its usual dimensions with satisfaction, and Elbert Setoun hugged himself with delight at the success of his theft when he was not engaged in that interesting exercise with his betrothed.

But, somehow, one of the silly rhyming young people got at the truth of the story, and among the wedding presents there appeared two ebony shoes with golden heels, filled, one with a necklace, the other with bracelets made of white enameled cherries.

CURIOSITIES OF AUTHORSHIP. — Dr. Johnson was a very rapid writer. A modern critic says of him: "He had but to dip his pen in ink, and there flowed out a current of thought and language wide and voluminous as the Ganges in flood."

Some of the best papers in the *Rambler* were written with a running pen. Johnson's "Life of Savage" was dashed off at one sitting. Sir Joshua Reynolds was so fascinated with this eloquent and touching narrative, that he could not lay it down until he had finished it.

Byron wrote "The Bride of Abydos" in a single night, and the quill pen with which he performed this marvellous feat is still preserved in the British Museum.

Dryden wrote "Alexander's Feast" in two days. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was composed in a fortnight. Beckford finished "Vathek" in two days and nights.

On the other hand, Gibbon was twelve years in completing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." "The Pleasures of Memory" occupied Rogers for nine years, and "Italy" sixteen years.

Balzac often spent a week on one page. Bernardine de St. Pierre copied his sweet and beautiful "Paul and Virginia" nine times, to make it more perfect. Lord Lyttleton was twenty years in writing "The Life of Henry II."

It took Adam Smith twelve years to write his "Wealth of Nations." Goldsmith was seven years writing "The Deserted Village." He was satisfied with four lines a day.

Jean Paul was ten years in completing "Titant" his masterpiece. Prescott was twelve years preparing for his splendid career as a historian.

The first two volumes of his "Philip II," were produced after six years of constant labor.

Hume was a very industrious writer. While employed on his "History of England" he was in the habit of working thirteen hours a day.

Sir Isaac Newton transcribed his "Chronology" fifteen times before he was satisfied with it. The late Mr. Buckle occupied ten hours a day, for ten years, in writing his "History of Civilization in England."

Sir Walter Scott was one of the most industrious of writers. He rose early, and accomplished a good day's literary work before half the world were out of bed.

His romances was composed with amazing rapidity; and it is an astonishing fact that in less than two weeks after his bankruptcy Scott wrote an entire volume of "Woodstock." His literary labors yielded him nearly $50,000 per annum. Twenty thousand copies of "The Lady of the Lake" were sold in a few months.

Scientific and Useful.

ROPE FOR BELTS.—The substitution of hemp rope for belting is becoming common in England. Large grooved pulleys and rope two to two-and-a-quarter inches in diameter are used. There is said to be a vast difference in cost in favor of rope.

STEEL PIPES.—Pipes for the conveyance of water under high pressure are now being made in England from steel plates. These are coated with lead on both sides, by immersion or otherwise, then rolled into form, riveted, soldered the whole length and covered with pitch.

SPONGE.—Artificial sponge made of cotton, rendered absorbent, and treated with antiseptics, has been invented. A piece of the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it reached the size of a cocoanut. It is so cheap that it need not be used but once so that sponge infection can be readily avoided.

"ENDOLITHY."—A way has been discovered by which marble may be saturated with a certain paint so that it is possible to place a flower or a head upon a block of marble and then obtain as many slabs bearing the imprint as one sees fit to have the block sawed into. The process is called "Endolithy."

MIXING WITH FLOUR.—Quite recently a hydrated calcium sulphate in a state of fine powder has been offered to millers in Europe for mixing with flour in proportions of 1 to 1.5 per cent, and there is reason to believe that not a few unprincipled persons have actually placed on the market flour adulterated with calcium sulphate.

MOSS-BOARDS.—In Norway and Sweden accumulations of moss, often more than a foot thick, and half decomposed, serve to make paper and mill-board, as hard as wood, blocks of which, formed by the hydraulic press, may even be turned in the lathe and polished. This substance is said to possess the good qualities of wood without the defects, such as warping and splitting, so that it is suitable for making doors and windows. Plant has, it is said, been laid in Sweden for working up these deposits of a hitherto waste substance into a useful material.

Farm and Garden.

POT-PLANTS.—A good fertilizer for pot-plants is one ounce of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in a gallon of water, which should be soft. Water the plants well with it a few weeks and you will be surprised at the way they will grow. The article can be bought at the druggist's for 50 cents per pound. Keep the soil in the pots loose.

SOILS.—Very rich and heavy soils are in most cases inferior to the loamy gravelly soils for fruit-growing. On these lighter soils the trees ripen their wood better, grow less rapidly and give better flavored fruit than those grown on very rich soils. Usually the best fruit lands are those which are naturally light, but which are kept up by a judicious system of cultivation and manuring.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Dryness of the air is the chief obstacle to successful window gardening. Plants succeed much better in the kitchen than in the parlors, as the air is charged with moisture from the cooking, etc. If the house is heated by a furnace, there should be a pan for evaporating water in the furnace, kept well supplied. If stoves are used, keep vessels of water continually on them. Dust is very injurious to house plants.

ONIONS.—Onions cannot be kept well in damp cellars. The secret of keeping onions is to have them thoroughly dry when they are put in the cellar, and keep them so. Also keep them cool. Onions that are not wanted until late winter or early spring may be stored in a dry loft and covered with a foot or more of hay or straw. In this position, if the weather is tolerably even, they will remain frozen all winter, and may be used as desired. They should not be thawed out until wanted.

A GOOD CEMENT.—Farmers often desire a cement that will hold substances together under water or in damp places. As good a cement as can be wished is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of India-rubber in five gallons of coal naphtha. Add an equal weight of gum shellac, and stir over a slow fire until the shellac is thoroughly dissolved. The gum shellac in naphtha or in water makes a stronger mucilage than gum arabic. The addition of the india-rubber makes a glue that will not be affected by water.

FEEDING-BOX.—The best box in which to place food for hens so that they can have access to it at all times, we would say in answer to a question, is a shallow dish of zinc or earthenware, oblong in shape. This trough or dish must be protected, however, or the fowls will walk upon it, scratch earth into it, and waste a large portion; to prevent this a loose curved cover of tin with one side and the ends composed of wires, two and a half inches apart, may be used. This will prevent the fowls reaching the food except through the wires.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 31, 1885.

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We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have placed our Club Rates at such a low figure for this year as to put THE POST within reach of all. We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we will receive subscriptions at

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How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

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Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Lock Box 1368, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 728 Sansom Street.

THE HABIT OF ASPERSION.

If we could go and have a private look at a certain person's office, where he usually sits from ten o'clock till four, we would find it is a dirty-looking little place, yet the furniture is handsome enough. What gives it so uninviting an appearance?

Surely it must be the numerous spatterings of ink which appear all over his table, in patches on the carpet, and even in blots on the wall, as if every now and then some one had emptied the ink-bottle by dashing the dregs of it sideways against the paper.

The whole place seems blotted, and for no particular reason, for the art of writing does not necessitate sprinkling the place with ink, any more than it renders it necessary for you to strew the floor with tiny scraps of paper. It must, then, be a bad habit of his, this throwing about of the ink; and this habit is only the outcome of a state of mind.

No more, we think, need be said to show the type of mind of the man who worked in the ink-bespattered room. And such people are a real curse to the world, for their evil doings are not of the kind a policeman can catch by the collar; and they appear to us to pass unpunished, leaving a foul track behind them.

The law of perfect love, which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves, brings many in "guilty" before the true Judge. "Charity," or love, "covers a multitude of sins," and it most certainly does not go about saying what will tend to cast a slur on another's name, to rake up past follies, and tell them to the disadvantage of the man who is trying to improve, or to hasten to bring the last straw which is to break the camel's back.

We are not to go about the world telling all we know, if by that means we harm our brother—man or woman. We are not to put stumbling-blocks in the way of the feeble, and lead the blind into the ditch.

Speak the truth, by all means, concerning the character of the person you recommend to another; but do not unduly bring up for notice any trivial defects you may know him to have.

The man you have found gloomy and morose under your hard treatment may be both cheerful and obliging under a kinder master. Do not, therefore, send him out into the world ticketed "gloomy and morose."

The faithless lover may make a faithful husband to one better able to keep his affections than she on whom he first expended them. Do not, therefore, speak of him as "that fellow who broke Miss So-and-So's heart."

And, above all, be careful how you take the bread out of other people's mouths by your too free discussion of their difficulties and liabilities.

Don't steal; you steal our good name if you blot it over with dark hints; you steal our happiness if you blot out our image as a pleasant one in our dear one's eyes, and coat it over with inky suspicion; you steal our life, and stab us in the dark, if you blot out our fair chance of earning our living; and you make the world a sadder, blacker place than you found it.

No! Clean hands and a clean heart are the things which will bring a man honor, happiness and peace; and these will never belong to the man or woman who goes about the world spilling ink.

SANCTUM CHAT.

An international congress of electricians is to be held in St. Petersburg, to discuss electricity as a substitute for steam.

—

The Emperor of Russia has an annual salary of $8,210,000; the Emperor of Austria, $4,000,000; Queen Victoria, $2,200,000. The royal plate of St. James' Palace is worth $10,000,000. The Queen's hairdresser gets $10,000 a year.

—

The Bishop of Melbourne, in declining to have the prayer for rain read in his diocese, explained that "before complaining, people should do something themselves towards storing up the superfluity in the wet season against the drought."

—

A Wisconsin granger writes to a Congressman at Washington that he wants a "foren mishun," and bases his claim for the office partly on the fact that he has eleven children to support. Another man wants to be an examiner in the "pention office," and still another "a place worth $3,000 a year, and of such a nature that he could take the work home and do it at night, while he studied law in the daytime."

—

There are 623 newspapers and periodicals published in foreign languages in the United States, and of these 483 are published in German. Next in number come the French publications with 41, the Scandinavian with 33, the Spanish with 25, Bohemians with 12, Hollandish with 11, Italians with 6, the Welsh with 4, and the Poles and Hebrews with 2 each. There is one paper published in the native Irish, one in Cherokee, and one in Chinese.

—

"I should hate to be a lawyer," remarked the grocer, "and be obliged to argue contrary to my belief." Then he proceeded to inform a customer that the bottle of cotton-seed oil he held in his hand was the pure, unadulterated juice of the olive. "I should hate to be a grocer," said the lawyer, "and have to soil my hands with molasses, kerosene, and all sorts of vile stuff." He was was seen a few moments later shaking hands with a murderer, a burglar, a forger and a drunkard.

—

Atlantic cable rates have varied considerably since the opening of the service in 1866. The first rate was $100 for twenty words or less. From this it was gradually reduced to $25 for ten words, fifty cents a word; and in the summer of 1880, owing to a fall-out of the companies, the tariff was but twelve cents a word. Since last December it has been forty cents a word. Unlike messages to places in the United States, all the words, including address and signature, in a foreign telegram are counted and charged for.

—

At a little lunch given at the opening of a new fire station in this city, it was eloquently and originally observed by one of the speakers, that in public position "few seldom die, and none never resign." The beginning of a new year of the State official life calls up the fact that in eleven years, during which time 125 different men have held seats as Senators, only four died and one resigned, and among the 816 Representatives elected but 23 died and 3 resigned. 185 men filled official positions at the State Capitol during the same time, and of these 7 died and 3 resigned, making a total of 31 deaths and five resignations in 11 years among a total of 1126 officers.

—

Funeral directors came to be called undertakers in an odd way. Formerly a poor set of haberdashers were known as "upholders," because they came in when every one else went out, caring for dead bodies of the poor whom haberdashers of the ordinary stripe did not deign to notice. At length there came to be a distinction even among upholders, and so, for the matter of a name, they called themselves undertakers. Finally the upholders also got aristocratic notions into their heads, and they adopted upholsterers as their title, so that, "the 'upholder,' rueful harbinger of death," who "waits with patience for the dying breath," of whom the poet wrote, is now entirely unknown, at least in name.

—

According to Ruskin, an educated man ought to know these things: First, where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world has he got into, how large it is, what sort of creatures live in it, and how, what is it made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where is he going—that is to say, what chances or reports are there of any other world beside this, what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what he had best do in the circumstances—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses, what are the present state and wants of mankind, what is his place in society, and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them that he is willing to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk many tongues.

—

It is stated that most of the French hospitals have now a photograph studio attached to the premises for photographing the patients at different times. The rapid dry-plate process is employed for this purpose, and there has been devised an electrically-operated camera, which is found very useful in obtaining a series of views in rapid succession. Certain classes of patients are photographed on their entry into the hospital, and at regular intervals thereafter. In cases of hysteria, for instance, it is said to be interesting to note the original contractions and compare them with succeeding ones, the photographs being all placed in an album for study of the disease, and for comparison with others taken from other patients. In this simple and convenient way the leading features of the ailment are made recognizable. The new printing processes also enable these photographs to be copied and distributed to other hospitals and medical men.

—

It is granted that household decoration and furnishing have something to do with the difference between a home and a house. But taste is rapidly improving in this respect. Out of slender resources many an American wife makes an attractive home. If the comparison were made, it might appear that there is more privacy and quietness in the home life of this country than in that of England. Is not the typical English home, whether in country or city, always full of guests? Does not conventionality invade the family? There could scarcely be a more interesting study than comparison of the home life of different countries—Germany, England, America. But to suppose that the thing itself is wanting here is to hit us far wide of the mark as possible. The increasing frequency of divorce may be thought to indicate indifference to the sacredness of home and family; but, on the other hand, the alarm which is beginning to be felt in view of the facts, shows how highly the home is valued. In any country it is, of course, true that absorption in fashionable life is fatal to the interests of the home.

—

A diary which we can commend is a book in which the affairs of the whole family are succinctly recorded. Appoint one of the family journalist. If there are several children, let each take the duty in turn a month at a time; but if the children are too young, let father or mother look after it. This family dairy should briefly chronicle the weather each day, with any incident of note—the arrival of a visitor or caller, any sickness in the family, the death of a friend or any person well known to the family in or out of town, the purchase of articles of wearing apparel, or of coal and other supplies for the house, etc. It should tell briefly what has been accomplished on each day. Any matter talked about in the house, and of interest to the whole family, should go into this family diary, and the more detailed you make it the more valuable and interesting it will be to look over in after years. What would you not give if you could look into the family life of your ancestors by means of such a record? And would not your children and your children's children delight in reading such a record of your family in the years to come?

—

It would be interesting to study more closely, in the case of centenarians and other aged people, the ages of their near relatives and immediate ancestors. It will probably be found not rarely that long-lived persons have not been stronger than those who have often been short-lived. They have their "often infirmities" like other people. It will also frequently be found that their brothers and sisters have been as short-lived, or more so, than others. At the same time an element of heredity may not seldom be traced, or may have to be recognized, for we have not yet sufficient data for dogmatic conclusions. We are able to give some few more particulars of the ages of the immediate family relatives of the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, which we have reason to believe are correct, though in one particular at variance with a statement in a previous number. Thus, one parent died at 79, one at 88, his grandfather at 87, his grandmother at 98, a brother at 75, another at 80, a sister at 84, another at 79, another at 83. Those nine ages at death give an average longevity of 81 years. The first four—those of the parents and grandparents of Sir Moses—give an average of 85 years.

SOMETIME.

Who has not dreamed that joy is their's
Sometime within the future bright?
When clear of woe and blighting cares,
They'll drink unstinted, pure delight—
When luring fancy's eye deceries,
The pleasures, that we may not miss?
But then, how oft fate's hand defies,
The well laid schemes of promised bliss.
How few that Sometime ever see,
Since life so fleeting soon is o'er?
But it may be high Heaven's decree,
To grant them on a happier shore,
Those ceaseless joys unknown to earth
Of fadeless hues, and matchless worth.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Tit for Tat.

BY A. B. BALDWIN.

EUNICE BATEMAN was sitting at the parlor window working on a muslin dress, a thing of infinitesimal tucks and ruffles.

Her mother, a fat and fair lady of forty-five, sat opposite, talking to an afternoon visitor, a spinster of her neighborhood. Both talkers were also busy with sewing.

"Well, Nix," said the spinster, giving Eunice a glance as she shifted her needles, "I suppose you and the doctor 'll go to the parish picnic next week?"

Nix "supposed so," in nonchalant fashion, as she brushed the curls out of her eyes and settled a ruffle straighter.

"Getting that dress ready for the occasion, aren't you?"

"Not particularly," Nix answered, with a shrug of her shoulders that betokened impatience of the questioning.

Nix was not especially fond of Miss Clarke.

"Well, well, I wouldn't spend too much precious time over dresses. The doctor's sure to think you pretty, whatever you wear, and you shouldn't think too highly of the opinion of other gentlemen. When a girl's engaged——"

Nix flushed with anger, and gave the muslin dress an impatient twitch, as she responded:

"I'm not in the habit of thinking too much of gentlemen's opinion of me, Miss Clarke. I suppose, if a girl is engaged, she can still try to make herself look nicely."

"Speaking of the doctor," said Mrs. Bateman, "here comes his office boy now—with a note for you, Nix, I guess. Sit still, I'll open the door."

Mrs. Bateman presently re-entered, and tossed a sealed note into Nix's lap, with the remark, "I told you so."

The latter took it up, her round cheeks deepening somewhat in color, for her engagement was as yet only a month old, opened and read it, watched by the curious eyes of Miss Clarke.

The letter was in a bold, careless handwriting, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR NIXIE—I'm called away to the city suddenly, and have but five minutes to write you in. It's a consultation case. I hope to be back by Sunday—at any rate I shall be on hand for the Tuesday picnic. I've only known of going within the last hour, or I should have come up and bidden you good-by. A week seems a long time to be away. Be a good little girl, and write to me every day, or I shall throw up the case and come home to you.

"Yours hastily, but in all affection,
JAMES."

"P. S.—Read the inclosed slip of paper; you will find news in it."

The printed slip had fallen to the floor. Nix reached for it with a girl's eager curiosity, and read, with dilating eyes, one of the quack advertisements of the day:

USE Johnson's cream-white for the complexion. Warranted to remove freckles and blotches. Sold by all druggists."

Nix read this paragraph through three or four times with such a blank look of wonder on her face that the attention of her two companions was attracted.

She finally ejaculated, after the fifth reading, finding the advertisement still a riddle:

"What does this mean?"

"Mean? What?" exclaimed the curious spinster, dropping her knitting.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother.

But Nix was too busy with her own wonderment and conjecture to reply.

She sat with the slip still in her hand, staring straight before her, only reiterating, with additional emphasis:

"What can it mean?"

There was a large old-fashioned mirror on the opposite wall, and just at this moment Nix's puzzled eyes caught the reflection of herself therein—a clear reflection, made more vivid by the slant rays of the afternoon sun that fell upon her.

In an instant her cheeks, brow, and neck were suffused by an angry tide of crimson. The little hands that had held the slip of paper fiercely tore it into pieces with sudden and savage spite, and forgetting Miss Clarke, she exclaimed, passionately:

"I'll never speak to him again—never!"

"Eunice Bateman!"

Her mother's surprise could not express itself more strongly.

Miss Clarke's pale blue eyes gleamed behind their spectacles as she ejaculated:

"What on earth has happened?"

Nix shook the bits of paper through the window with trembling hands.

Half of them went on the carpet, but her eyes were too full of tears to note it.

"I don't care. The impertinent wretch! How did he ever dare? He claiming to be a gentleman too! I'll make him sorry for this, or my name is not Eunice Bateman."

Nix went on with a perfect flood-tide of words, utterly disregarding her mother's attempts to check her, and Miss Clarke's supplementary exclamations.

It was not until the latter, rendered incautious by eagerness, asked, for the third time, "But what was on the paper, anyway, Nix?" that she stopped short in her angry speech, and, tossing the muslin dress on the floor in a heap, ran out of the room without a word of answer.

Poor Nix!

Her feelings were not amiable as she sat down before the mirror in her own little room, dashed away the tears, pushed away the curls, and took a long look at the dimpled face that had seemed so satisfactorily pretty an hour before.

The brow, the bridge of the nose, and the cheeks were slightly freckled; there was no denying it, though the color and the dimples were enough to make one forget the defects.

Beside the left ear, half hidden by wilful short ringlets, was a small brown discoloration.

Nix was too angry to cry again. She just opened the bureau drawer, took out a formidable pile of letters in the same bold and careless handwriting, and shut them in a box, muttering to herself, "Freckles and blotches, indeed!"

The next Saturday morning Molly Bateman danced into her sister's room, where the latter was still prolonging her morning nap, and exclaimed:

"Say, Nix, the doctor's home!"

No answer from Nix, save that contained in a toss of the pillows.

"Came home yesterday, they say. I don't know what's the matter with him. He wouldn't so much as look at me when I passed him on the street. Have——"

"Molly," interrupted her sister, "take that letter that's lying on the table and carry it to the doctor's office—will you? Go quickly, and be sure he has it please."

And Nix fell back on the pillows with something suspiciously like a sob as Molly closed the door.

She had spent the night writing that letter, and now gave way to a passion of tears because she had written it.

Molly, a bright little damsel of ten, did not let the grass grow under her feet on the way to Dr. Wentworth's office.

In the middle of the main street, she met Elijah, the doctor's office boy, racing as if for dear life, holding his cap on with one hand, and swinging a letter in the other.

"Where are you going?" inquired Molly, arresting his progress.

"To your house. This here letter's for your sister."

"It is? Why look here; I've got a letter Nix sent to the doctor."

"Very well, all right. You take this, and I'll take that," said the practical Elijah, effecting the exchange without ceremony.

"I'm in a desperate hurry. He's as cross as all possessed this morning."

"Is he?" said the sympathetic Molly.

"So Nix's been cross for a week. I wonder what's the matter?"

Elijah did not wait to answer this question, but dashed off again furiously. Molly went home with the letter, which her sister received in some amazement. This second letter was as follows:

"MISS BATEMAN—As I learn from various and trustworthy authority that you have said publicly that I am ill-mannered and impertinent, and as the report has been confirmed by your silence during my absence, there are but two courses open to me—to ask an explanation, or to dispense with the necessity of one. You have chosen to make your newly formed opinion of me so unnecessarily public that I, from sheer mortification, prefer the latter alternative. I am not conscious of having done anything to offend you, and if you wished to end the relations between us, you might have done so in a gentler way. I shall return your letters at the earliest possible date. I beg to say in conclusion that, if you wish, you may always command me as a friend.

Respectfully,
JAMES WENTWORTH."

"That wretched Miss Clarke!" was Nix's indignant comment as she tossed aside the letter! then she added, with a quick compression of the lips, "Well, it doesn't matter much."

Meanwhile the doctor was perusing in his office a note of three or four lines:

"MR. WENTWORTH—We will consider our engagement ended with your reception of this note. To explain the reason to you is so plainly unnecessary that I shall not attempt it. You will excuse me if I do not even sign myself your friend.

EUNICE BATEMAN."

The day of the parish picnic arrived in due season.

It was a beautiful June day, and every one was out—among others, Nix and the doctor, who were the talk of the town, and therefore did not dare stay at home.

Nix put on the muslin dress and her brightest ribbon, rubbed color into her cheeks, and rode to the picnic in a defiant mood, which was not softened by the sight of the doctor, who was already on the ground, paying his best attention to a young lady at his side—one of Nix's rivals in village society.

"He'll soon find out that two can play at that game!" thought Nix; and straightway she commenced a violent flirtation with one of her old admirers.

Dance succeeded dance, and Nix and the doctor rivaled each other in gaiety, until refreshments were announced, when both volunteered as waiters.

Amidst the bustle of passing provisions Nix awkwardly enough spilled a cup of coffee on her dress.

Consternation among the witnesses followed, but Nix was equal to the occasion.

"Don't mind me," she said hastily. "I'll run down to the pond and wash it off."

So, taking the nearest way, Nix ran down the hill, through the pine trees, and, in her haste, came in violent contact with some one coming up the hill and carrying a pitcher of spring water.

That some one was Dr. Wentworth, who looked from the fragments of his broken pitcher to Nix's amazed face in ludicrous perplexity.

"I'm sorry," stammered Nix, endeavoring to pass him.

"I didn't see you, I'm sure. I'll see that the pitcher is replaced."

The doctor looked more in sorrow than in anger at the averted face, and said, gravely:

"You are more sorry for a broken pitcher than for a broken heart, it appears, Miss Bateman."

Nix's anger suddenly revived at the implied accusation in this speech.

"It is you who ought to be sorry, Dr. Wentworth," was her sharp reply. "Love seldom survives insult."

"Insult?"

The doctor barred Nix's way by interposing his own figure determinedly.

"Pray tell me how I have insulted you, Miss Eunice. I declare to you solemnly that I have not the faintest idea."

He looked so thoroughly in earnest, and was so determined, that Nix was taken aback; then angry at her momentary hesitation, she retorted:

"It is adding insult to insult to pretend ignorance."

The doctor's look became, if possible, more blank than ever, and he caught Nix's hand and turned her back resolutely as she tried to pass.

"Now," he said, "we aren't going to part in this way. You must tell me what you mean."

"Well," said Nix, finding herself cornered, "I don't know that telling makes it better or worse. I can say that you sent me an advertisement for removing freckles, if you like to hear it."

"I sent you an advertisement? I never thought of such a thing. How foolish! I had better cause for my indignation with you. Ill-mannered and impertinent, indeed! But what was the advertisement? Where is it?"

"Torn up—You needn't think I would keep it. The imprudence of your referring to my freckles. Let go my hand, Dr. Wentworth."

"But give me a moment. How did you get the advertisement, and when?"

"In your own letter. This is no news to you, sir."

Light began to break over the doctor's face, but following the first gleam of intelligence came such a burst of laughter as made the woods echo and completed Nix's disgust.

Too indignant to speak, she stood and watched him as he went from one convulsion of merriment into another, all the while making vain efforts to use his voice intelligibly.

"I always thought you were a gentleman," she at last remarked. "I have discovered my mistake."

"For mercy's sake," gasped the doctor, "let me speak a moment. Did you—did you turn the paper over?"

And he had another hopeless relapse into mirth.

"No. Why should I turn it over?"

"Because," said the doctor, wiping the tears from his eyes, "the other side was the right one. It was a notice of the marriage of your friend Miss Willis. And you—— This is the richest joke of the season, on my word!"

"Fanny Willis? Is this true?"

"True! I'll show you a copy of the paper, if you like. An advertisement to remove freckles! Ha! ha! ha!"

Nix was ashamed and discomfited and sorry and childishly glad at once. She had but one thought when at last she understood the matter: that was to make her peace with the doctor. This was not very hard.

"You poor little puss!" he said.

"Why, Nix, I never noticed that your face had a freckle on it. And so I am ill-mannered, am I?"

"I never said you were ill-mannered."

"You didn't? Then that wretched Miss Clarke made it up. It was all over town when I came home. Nix, I say let us make up something too; and let that something be our quarrel."

Nix's eyes were like stars when they joined the dancers again, and the doctor was boyishly gay. But their trials were not yet over.

A Mr. Leroy, from the city, had been captivated by Nix, and was so devoted as seriously to interfere with the doctor's comfort.

"Don't dance with any one but me, Nix," he said, unconsciously using the tone of authority.

"Here you've given that fellow three dances already. I want you all to myself to-day."

"That fellow! Why Mr. Leroy isn't a fellow; he's a gentleman! I've danced with you five times, and I want to enjoy other people a little."

"Very well," was the unexpected rejoinder.

"Go and enjoy them." And the doctor walked off moodily.

Nix looked after him with a half resolution to call him back, but she was deterred by a sense of his injustice, and by her own pride; besides, she had just proved her power over Dr. Wentworth, and Mr. Leroy was very agreeable and very much charmed with her. Nix decided to risk defiance.

Mr. Leroy and she danced till they were tired of dancing, then strolled off to the woods.

They had a row together on the pond, and there is no telling how long their *tete-a-tete* might have been kept up if Nix herself had not become alarmed for results.

Twilight was gathering over the picnic grounds when they came back to them, and people were departing.

A dark figure standing within the last fringe of woods stepped forward and drew Nix's hand within his own, and a stern voice said:

"This way, Miss Bateman. I have been waiting for you."

And before the indignant and bewildered Nix could say a word of farewell to her cavalier, she was lifted into the doctor's light wagon and whirled away.

For a while she was perfectly silent, wanting words strong enough to express herself with. Her final remark was coldly practical:

"I will thank you to go back for my hat."

"Your hat? Nonsense! I'd rather buy you fifty hats than go back to that picnic ground," answered the doctor, sharply.

"I don't wish any hats of your buying."

"No. You'd prefer Mr. Leroy's gifts to mine."

"I see," said Nix, coldly, "that my remark about your manners was perfectly correct."

"You have just denied having made it."

"I denied saying that you were ill-mannered, and I did not say that. I said that you had no manners at all."

"Thank you," replied the doctor, coolly, but venting his anger in a smart blow that made his horse plunge sideways.

"The only thing for me to do is to relieve you of my presence as soon as possible. I was just thinking of a little speech my mother once made. She said, 'None but a lady or a gentleman ever can insult me, and no true lady or gentleman ever will.'"

They were perfectly silent a while, the doctor driving at fearful speed, but hardly knowing that he did so.

Nix was conscious of nothing but a miserable necessity of crying, which she was determined not to do.

Cry before the doctor? She said, with a little shrug of the shoulders:

"Drive as fast as possible, please. It is chilly, and you've left my shawl behind."

The doctor, to whom their progress seemed intolerably slow, answered by another sharp cut of the whip, which drove his horse half frantic.

He rushed down the main street of the village, the light wagon swaying and bounding fearfully behind.

Dr. Wentworth braced himself and set his teeth, but all his strength was unavailing.

The horse was beyond his control; yet he knew if he could only keep the animal on the straight road he could finally master him.

But just a little ahead was the corner of the street where his office stood. If the horse turned there they were lost.

Dr. Wentworth pulled upon the right rein with both hands, and Nix half involuntarily helped him: but the horse heeded it not a whit.

Around the corner he went like lightning. There was a crash, darkness before the doctor's eyes, then a sensation of falling.

When he came a little to himself he discovered that he was lying at full length on a heap of soft sand, and people were trying to raise him.

It did not take him long to decide upon his ability to raise himself, for beyond the shock to the nerves he was not injured. The heap of sand had saved him.

But Nix! The doctor was on his feet and staggering toward the spot where she had fallen in an instant.

They were carrying her into a druggist's store near by. She had fallen against the curbstone, and one arm hung helplessly at her side.

Dr. Wentworth turned away from the couch where she lay with a very white face, after a brief examination of her injuries.

"Her arm is broken," he said. "Send for a doctor to set it. I can't."

Nix's eyes half opened, and an expression of childish terror came over her face as she touched his sleeve.

"Don't!" she said.

"Don't let any one else set it but you! Please! please!"

The doctor was like a new man. Ashamed of his momentary nervousness, and electrified by her words and look, he set the broken arm skillfully and tenderly.

And through the illness that followed he was the most patient and devoted of nurses. One day in the last of summer, when Nix for the first time left her chamber, as they sat together in Mrs. Bateman's little parlor, the doctor said, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye:

"Nix, do you know you've been in-doors so long that there isn't a freckle to be seen on your face?"

Nix glanced in the mirror, laughed, and answered, saucily:

"I'd as lief have them now, since you manners are mended!"

That Martha.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

"FOR my part," said Mrs. Maltby, as our party came out of the theatre one night after witnessing the cruel fate of that ill-wed female, Desdemona, "for my part I've always pitied Othello, poor man! You see I was jealous myself once, and know what it must be."

Jealous of such a man as Mr. Maltby—that couldn't be, so we declared, but the little woman insisted on the truth of her assertion, and whispered as we leant back in the carriage with the gentlemen out of hearing in front, "if you'll promise never to tell any one you shall hear all about it."

What daughter of Eve could resist such an inducement. The promise was given out came the story:

I can't hear the name of Martha even yet without having my blood boil in the silliest way.

And when my cheeks are at the reddest, and my heart beats the loudest I suddenly remember what a goose I am, and cool down again.

The first time I ever heard that name to take much notice of it was on the porch of our cottage at Brownsville.

We had been married just three years, Mr. Maltby and I, and we had a very happy life.

We had some trouble to get along at first, but an old uncle of Tom's had died and remembered him in his will, to Tom's astonishment, for he always thought he had been disinherited for putting on his uncle's dressing-gown and slippers, and playing he had the gout, using naughty language to the little black boy, and going on just like the old gentleman.

Tom was only ten then, and boys will be boys, you know.

So he was delighted when he discovered that the old gentleman hadn't fulfilled his threat, and often said he would have given a great deal to have been reconciled before he died, for since that day he had never entered his uncle's house, but I told him the hand of fate was in it, and he couldn't help it, you know; so as soon as he got possession of the money he bought that place of ours at Brownsville and we began to enjoy ourselves.

And I was so happy, my dear, that I used to say that if we only kept a cow and had our own butter, and a few chickens and fresh eggs, Maltby cottage would be an earthly paradise.

Living so far from the city it was not easy to have things of that sort sent in numbers, and bless you, the neighbors were such upstairs that they wouldn't sell you an egg or a quart of milk if they had to give them to the pigs or wasted them. There wasn't a farmhouse for miles.

They were all villas or residences, and when Mr. Bonnybell, with whom I had dealt for pork all the time I lived in the city, retired from business and bought a stone house and two turrets, and Hebe in the garden pouring water from a fountain into a basin, and I sent up word by Bridget that I was going to make a custard, and could they spare me a dozen eggs, Mrs. Bonnybell sent back word, "her compliments to Mrs. Maltby, and she wondered at her impudence, and she didn't keep shop."

Set a butcher on horseback and he'll ride as far as the horse will go.

And as for bakers, when I heard of the "residence of Terence O'Grady, Esq.," I never thought he was ours where we used to buy buns we were always sure had alum in them. But, dear me, I'm forgetting all about Martha.

We had been at the cottage three weeks when nurse Glower came to visit me. Dear old creature!

I could remember her from the time I was that high—and she was always at our house when I was a child at least once a year.

She was very fond of me and meant for the best, I'm sure, but perhaps she wasn't quite judicious.

I don't think myself a whole cocoanut is a wholesome treat for a child, though it does keep it quiet, and I remember having one—and something like the cholera after it—several times.

When I was married at sixteen she always promised to visit me, and when I went to the cottage she came; we hadn't had room for her before, for to tell the truth we slept ourselves on a sofa-bedstead, and hid the pots and kettles in an ottoman when we had company, because we hadn't any kitchen.

Somehow, though, Tom never liked nurse.

So he provoked me by going out a good deal more of evening than he ever had before—after she came—and by sitting by myself on the back stoop smoking until after midnight.

Nurse Glower was afraid of what she called rheumatis, and considered the night air poison, so you know I couldn't join him without leaving her, and that I was too polite to do.

Maybe I looked a little low-spirited one evening, for nursey said to me, in such a meaning way:

"Hetty, is your life a happy one, or do you find that marriage is all vanity, like most does?"

She was not particular about her grammer, dear old soul, and always said "we" for "v."

She took me by surprise, for I was thinking of Tom's smoking by himself on that back porch. But I answered:

"Happy! oh, yes. Tom is the best of husbands."

"Easy to be the best," said nurse, "for they're a werry bad lot now, I tell you. One thing I'll say of Mr. Maltby, he's a good provider. But he is dewoted?"

"Devoted! Oh, I'm sure he is," said I.

"Ah," said nurse Glower, "many a young thing thinks so and is deceived. Husbands is perfidious by nature. Him as was down upon his bended knees a suin' and a courtin', and a talkin' like as if he'd commit self suicide if 'twas so 't she wouldn't hev him when his wife's a gal, is just the werry one to go a gallawantin' by the time she's had her first. Lor, I've nursed a many ladies, and I never knowed one as had had her second as could put her finger right on her husband and say, 'there I hev him evenin's. They're worse than fleas—husband's is!"

"Not all," I pleaded.

"All!" said nurse Glower.

"I'd like to sooth your feelin's and say 'some isn't,' but truth's truth, and it's my opinion they're all alike. Glower was; that I know, and that I stick to, and allers will!"

I knew Mr. Glower had not been what you might call a domestic man, and I hoped nurse might have been prejudiced by his conduct.

Still my heart sank in my bosom like a lump of lead, and though I tried to talk pleasantly, and made her the warm mangoree she always took before she went to bed, I felt dreadful, and if I smiled it was only to mask my feelings.

When your spirits begin to go down it's very hard to make them rise again, and when nurse Glower was fairly gone to bed, instead of running downstairs to sit on the porch with Tom as I had intended, I took my seat on the broad sill of the stairhead window, and began to wonder what I should do if I were ever to discover anything dreadful about Tom.

When I had perched myself I could see his dear curly head with wreaths of blue smoke all about it, and the more I looked at it the more I cheered up, until at last I said:

"I'll go down and sit with him. If there is only one good husband in the world, Tom is the man."

If I only had done what I intended at that very moment, I should have been spared a great deal of trouble.

But my evil star made me stop to let my eyes get dry, so that Tom shouldn't see I had been crying, and just in that little while some one came up to the garden fence, stopped, took off his hat, and called:

"Mr. Maltby—I say, sir!"

Tom went down to the gate, only a few steps, and not only could I hear but see him perfectly in the moonlight, and there was something mysterious and secret in his very back.

"I've come from Turner's, sir," said the man.

"My way being this, the lady axt me would I step in and tell Mr. Maltby if he cares about seeing Martha he must come up in a few days; she won't be there long."

He spoke in a coarse, high-pitched voice; and I saw my husband put his hand upon his arm and point warningly towards the house.

"Hush! This is a little secret, you know," he said.

"I don't want any one to hear."

"Keeping it from the missus, I reckon," said the man, with a gruff laugh.

My husband nodded.

"Tell the lady I'd not miss seeing Martha for the world," he said; "that I'll be there to-morrow, if possible, and here is something for your trouble.

The man muttered a thank you, and added, with a laugh:

"She's a splendid creature, sir."

"I don't know her equal," said the husband.

Him, my dear, who had promised to cherish and protect me at the altar—only think of that!

And he had so often told me that I hadn't my equal in the world.

Of course it isn't so, you know; but one's husband ought to think so, whether anyone else does or no'.

And that horrible man went away, and Tom came slowly sauntering up the path as though nothing had occurred worth thinking of, and I, poor creature, I felt sorry for myself, as though I had been some one else.

I slipped down from the window-sill and sat upon the floor.

Oh, how I cried!

Softly, though, for I had made a vow that he should never have the least suspicion that I had found him out.

What a desolate life mine seemed, when I was forced to confess that nurse Glower was right, and that men were all villains.

The next day (my dear, I've read how men who were to be executed, passed the night.

I'm sure not one of them suffered as I did, and never until then did I guess myself, how much I thought of Tom.

I wonder that I lived through it), when at breakfast-table, he said:

"Why Puss, you look pale. You are not ill, I hope?"

I could have burst into tears, and nurse Glower saw it, and said she:

"P'raps Mrs. Maltby sat up late last night. Late hours a'nt healthy, you know, sir."

Well, he gave her such a look; he might just as well have said "Mind your own business!" outright, and she shook her head. Dear old soul, if she could have known what I knew!

After breakfast I watched Tom. Of course he would go to see that Martha—that abominable, shameful, good-for-nothing Martha—but where? that was the question.

Of course he'd try to elude observation, if possible; the guilty always awaken suspicion, by being over-cautious. I could wait.

There was a long life of misery before me, and I was not in a hurry for it to begin. But one thing I had resolved, whenever Martha—oh, that horrid Martha!—saw my husband, she should also see his injured wife.

Pretending to be idle and unconcerned, I saw it was all humbug.

Tom loitered about the house all the morning, and mended the gate, and put a new handle to the feather-duster, and even sat down at lunch-time and had a splendid appetite for raspberries and cream. After lunch, he said:

"I'll smoke my cigar in the arbor, puss," and went out.

Oh, how my heart beat! I was after him in a moment. Sure enough, he had his hat on, and was just going out of the gate. I called after him:

"I thought you were going to smoke a cigar in the arbor?"

"So I was," said Tom; "but I've changed my mind. I think I'll take a stroll."

"I'll go with you," said I.

"My love, the middle of the day!" said Tom.

"Oh, it's a cool day," I answered. "Besides I should think it would hurt you if it were so bad for me."

"Oh, I'm a strong man," he said, "and you are a delicate little woman. Besides your complexion- -"

"Oh, now I'm married, who cares for my complexion?" I said. "I'll take a parasol."

Tom stood drumming with his fingers on the fence and whistling. In a minute, he said:

"Look here, Puss. I'm going out on business, and you'd be in the way. So I can't have the pleasure of your company. Bye-bye! We'll take a walk in the evening."

"Will we," I said to myself. "Ah, before evening you little know what may happen, Tom."

And involuntarily I looked towards the sharp pruning-knife that lay upon the bench under the grape vines.

My dear, I hope I shan't shock you, but if I had been in Othello's place, I should not have smothered Desdemona, because when I looked at the carving-knife, I thought of that abominable Martha.

I watched him out of sight, and then ran to get my bonnet.

If he went to Turner's, I knew that I could get there before him by a short path which crossed our next neighbor's garden, and saved a quarter of a mile.

I should run all the way, and he always sauntered, even when he used to come a courting.

How I got there I never know, but there I was hiding behind an old elm tree all of a tremble, when Tom came up whistling.

Yes, whistling as though there were no such thing as perfidy in the wide world.

He knocked at the door, and old Mrs. Turner opened it (she knew of his coming, and could act such a base part); and when he was inside I crept up under the windows and listened, and the first thing I heard him say was:

"I had hard work not to bring my wife along."

Then Mrs. Turner laughed, and said:

"That would have been a joke; she don't suspect nothin', does she?"

"Guess not," said Tom: "How's Martha?"

"She's out yonder," said old Mrs. Turner. "Such an oneasy critter I never saw. I shall be glad to get rid of her; besides, we haven't room enough to keep her, that's a fact. You've decided what to do, I s'pose."

"Yes," said Tom, "I've engaged Johnson the carpenter, to build a first-rate house for her. Near as I can tell, I can't do better."

A house! I should hear of a carriage and pin-money next.

Oh, well might our old dear minister talk of riches being a snare.

When we were poor, Tom never thought of building houses for Martha, and I never heard of such a thing, except in English novels.

Well, I should have one friend at least. There was nurse Glower; she would take me home to ma and pa, to die.

I came near fainting; but what I heard next aroused me.

Tom spoke, and he said:

"Come, let's go and see my Martha."

His Martha—his—oh! and all the injured wife flared up in my bosom, as well as it might. Yes, he might go and see his Martha, and I would go and see his. Martha—my husband's Martha also.

And I opened the door as softly as though I had been a housebreaker, and glided in like a snake.

Oh, mercy me! that wicked old Mrs. Turner was just leading the way out of the room, and their backs were towards me, and they didn't see me.

So I followed, and all that kept me up was the thought of the revenge I would have on Martha, and that he would know that he had killed me, and feel remorse at last.

Along the hall they went, and out of the back door. Probably that woman was waiting in the garden.

Mrs. Turner went on talking:

"Sukey is as jealous of her as can be," she said. "You never saw such a jealous creature."

Were there more Marthas with other names—was Tom a Grand Turk in disguise? I was prepared for anything. But Mrs. Turner had stopped before the barn, and was taking a key from her pocket.

"I hated to lock her up," she said, "such a splendid day; but if I didn't, she'd run away, and I feel responsible."

Locked up. What could it mean? Was Tom an ogre to lasten women up in barns? I stared at the door; it was open and Tom went in; then I—oh, don't you pity me—I, a lawful wedded wife, who had loved my husband better than my own life, I heard him say within the barn:

"My beauty. Don't you know me, Martha? I'm going to take you home next week; and Suke is jealous."

And the next instant my husband walked out of the barn, leading the most beautiful dun cow that I ever saw in all my life, and talking to her as if she had been a child.

"What will your mistress say to you, Martha?" he said. "Will she like you, my beauty? How many quarts a day did you say she gave, Mrs. Turner? Puss—excuse me, I call my wife Puss sometimes—Puss always has said, all we need at the cottage is a cow and chickens, and she'll be delighted with Martha; but she shan't know anything about it until she is in her house, and then it shall burst upon her—churn and milkpails and all—and we'll have the shanghais, too, Mrs. Turner. My wife adores a dairy and fresh eggs; so ho, Martha."

I had been jealous of an old cow. I didn't wait to hear more I can assure you, but crept out of the yard and away through the hall into the road, as though I had wings on my feet.

When Tom came home, I was sitting on the piazza sewing, and how I kissed him. It seemed as it might to an angel who had been turned out of heaven and then taken back again.

That horrid nurse Glower began to abuse my husband again that night, but I cut her short immediately.

"I don't know anything about bad husbands," I said, "but I know good ones are blessings, and Tom is the best husband in the world."

All her insinuations did no harm after that, and she went home pretty soon, and said to all our folks that for old married people of three years standing, we were the silliest she ever saw.

I never told any one of my fit of jealousy and Tom never guessed a word about it. How should he? But when baby was born and I said:

"What shall we name her?"

Tom said, (what put it into his head?).

"Oh, name her Martha."

And I quite screamed:

"Any other name in the calendar, but not that."

"You have a mighty prejudice against the name," said Tom, whistling.

"Well," said I, "I have: for a woman it's perfectly dreadful, but it's a splendid name for an old cow. I'm glad ours has it, and always have been."

"Why," asked Tom, but I didn't tell him.

Told by the Steward.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

OH, YES, sir, I could spin many a yarn: we stewards on these big American liners see a lot of life, and I've often thought if I wrote down one half of the queer doings I've seen in my time it would make a goodish kind of a book.

Sad things too, some of 'em; but all's well that ends well, and what threatened to be the biggest squall of all blew over much better than I expected.

It was about a dozen years ago, before I was made chief steward, and I remember distinctly standing at the top of my table watching the passengers as they came in one by one for the first meal after leaving New York, and passing my own remarks on 'em.

I was a bit curious to see what kind of folks I had to wait upon, for it made a deal of difference, not only to the comfort of the voyage, but to the condition of my pockets when we landed; and I had grown pretty shrewd in picking out the right sort, and could mostly tell to within a shilling or two what tip they were good for.

There was no one this time who struck me particularly at first.

American ladies crossing over with their daughters to see the sights of Europe, middle-aged couples, a few elderly gentlemen, and a sprinkling of children—just the usual thing, sir.

There's a deal of similarity about the passengers; one crew's about as like another as need be, very often.

There was one gentleman as I took a kind of fancy to, a tall man with a stoop in his shoulders, who had grey hair and a long beard, which somehow seemed out of character with his face.

It wasn't an old face, for all he wore spectacles and looked so pale and worn; but he had a kind of forlorn look about him, and his voice when he asked me to show him his place had a melancholy sound about it as made you feel sorry for him without knowing why.

Right opposite to him there was a young Englishman — grey suit, blue eyes, fair mustache, all complete.

You should have seen that fellow, sir, leaning back in his seat, taking stock of his companions, especially the young ladies!

His disappointed face was as good as a play, for he didn't think much of them, that was certain; but while he was screwing his head around, first in one direction and then in another, and I was watching him and grinning to myself, a young lady comes walking up the cabin and sits down in the empty chair beside him.

My word, she was a young lady! I've seen many a beauty in my day, sir, for those American ladies are rare and handsome, but never a one to touch her.

Travelling all alone she was, poor thing, and she looked up and down the table with those big grey eyes of hers as if she was afraid someone was coming to eat her up—so timid and nervous-like.

The young Englishman did his best to pacify her, I can assure you, and before his first course was over he was talking away as if he had known her all his life.

I saw a good deal of Miss Bennett—that was the lady's name; for though we had stiff weather, and the boat rolled heavily, she never missed a single meal, and was up on deck when there was not another lady in sight.

The young Englishman was forever dangling after her, and it was easy to see which way he was steering; but for all Miss Bennett walked about with him, and sat listening to him talking for hours at a time, I used to think sometimes she looked dreadfully tired-like, and as if she were hardly listening to what he said.

I was kept pretty busy that voyage, for I had several gentlemen as were really bad, the grey-haired one amongst the rest. I don't think I ever knew a worse sailor than he was.

I looked well after him, for I liked his manner—gentle and pleasant, not shouting and driving and ordering you about as some of them will; he had always a "Please" and a "Thank you" ready, and I'd looked him up oftener if it hadn't been for a trick he had of locking his stateroom door—he had it to himself—and keeping me waiting a minute or two before he opened it.

One evening I had just left him, and was turning down the passage, when I came straight face to face with Miss Bennett, which rather surprised me, for she had been almost in the same spot when I had gone into his stateroom five minutes before. I was more surprised still, when she stopped and began to speak to me.

"Oh, steward," says she, laughing a little in a funny nervous way, "you seem to be very busy. The gentlemen must be worse than the ladies, I think."

"Yes, miss," I said. "I'm kept pretty well going. There are some very bad hands this time: the gentleman in No. 17 hasn't tasted a crumb since Monday, and this one can hardly raise his head from the pillow."

Miss Bennett put one hand up over her mouth and rubbed it up and down without speaking. Then she laughed again in the same curious fashion, and held out something towards me.

"I am sure you must be very tired. I should like to—perhaps you won't subject to accept a trifle as a little token of gratitude?"

She put something into my hand and turned away quickly. It was half a sovereign; and as I put it into my pocket, I wished I had more passengers like Miss Bennett, and that those as had more cash to feel it, would show their gratitude in the same manner.

Well, my invalids all got on deck again, and were walking about smoking and talking and making up to Miss Bennett and the other young ladies, as lively as ever, all but the grey-haired one, who hardly ever spoke to a soul, and never that I could see, had anything to do with a lady except once.

It was a cold, chilly evening, and he was sitting shivering on deck, very sad and lonesome-like, being all by himself, while Miss Bennett was surrounded by her usual group of admirers close by.

A pretty picture she made, I can tell you, with a little rose-colored hood coming tight down over her face, and the wind blowing her hair into tiny curls over her forehead, when all of a sudden up she jumps and carries one of her shawls across the deck to where the poor gentleman was sitting.

"I am afraid you are cold," she said, in that clear-sounding voice of hers.

"Will you use this shawl of mine—it's very warm?"

Then she tucked it round him carefully while he sat up, never as much as saying a word of thanks, and came back blushing all over her sweet face.

It was a Saturday afternoon when we sailed up the Mersey with a glorious high tide.

I never saw the river looking better, and a fine old river it is at any time: the sky was as blue as paint, and the spire of the old church over against the George's Dock stood out as clear and distinct as a picture.

The sands at New Brighton were all alive with trippers, and my heart beat high when I thought of the day I would have down there with the missis and the children, for I had come well off in the matter of tips this voyage, and could afford a day's pleasuring.

It was about four o'clock when the first tender came out beside us, and there was the usual fuss and hugging and kissing among the passengers, but—thinks I, as I watched two dark-looking fellows coming up the gangway—there's a welcome there that someone aboard could very well do without, and the next moment I got about as big a surprise as I ever had in my life, for one of them walking straight past me touched the grey-haired gentleman on the shoulder, and the two of them stood up to him in a way there was no mistaking.

What a face he had as he turned from one to the other of them.

It made me feel bad just to look at him: but though I am not troubled with nerves, I can tell you my heart stood still a moment later as Miss Bennett, with a shriek the like of which I hope, sir, you and I may never hear again, rushed forward and threw her arms round him.

Talk of a creature in agony!

You never saw anything to equal that poor thing, shaking, trembling, almost falling, her eyes half out of her head, her face all drawn and quivering, while all the time she was calling upon him by every loving name she could think of.

He was her darling, her love, her husband, her good, good husband, and then it was—

"Oh, Alick, let me tell him—you tell them! I can't bear it; they will take you away from me—it will break my heart! Oh, tell them!"

They had drawn away from the rest of the passengers by now, and besides myself and the young Englishman there was no one within hearing: poor chap, he'd been hard hit, it was easy to see, by the look on his face as he watched her clinging round her husband's neck.

"No, Nannie; no, my Nannie!" he was saying, in that quiet, soothing tone of his. "You will bear it for my sake. You are not going to break down now, darling, after all your bravery."

And then, for all his resolutions, he began to tremble himself.

"But what is to become of you to-day? Where can we go? Oh, my poor lassie, what can I do for you?"

He raised his eyes—without spectacles this time, and I began to see the explanation of those strange grey looks—and stared fixedly before him as if he were half demented.

Only for a minute though, and then the young Englishman steps up to him.

I never thought there was half as much in that fellow, and he looked right-down handsome as he spoke with a big emphasis on the first two words.

"Mr. Sellers, will you trust your wife to my care until she can hear from her friends? I will promise you to do everything in my power for her comfort."

Mr. Sellers! Alexander Sellers! The biggest forger that America had known for many years. The name was as familiar to every ear just then, and I stood stock still staring at him, feeling that I could never believe in appearance again, and sighing over the sacrifice of that lovely young creature, until I was obliged to hurry away to look after my duties.

But, would you believe it, sir, he wasn't guilty after all?

The way of it was this: The old father, the head of the firm, had got into difficulties, and thinking that things would be all right again long before the time was up, he forged a check for a large amount in a friend's name. Of course things didn't come right—they never do—and there was no way of escaping exposure.

They say the very thought of it nearly killed the old fellow, who had been looked up to and respected all his life, and he begged and entreated his son not to let him die in prison; so as the only way to bring suspicion on himself instead, Mr. Alexander ran away to Europe, with the result that I've just told you—for though he managed to get through at New York, he wasn't as fortunate at Liverpool.

However, all's well that ends well, as I said before, and as misery and remorse soon killed the old man, the son was set at liberty as soon as his dying confession was proved.

Mr. Alexander and Miss Bennett have been over to Europe once or twice since then, but I promise you there's no more sitting apart or different names nowadays; and so that's the end of my yarn, sir.

In a Tiger's Cave.

BY A. R. BALDWIN.

WE were after a tiger that had done so much mischief that the natives regarded it with absolute terror. It was a regular man-eater; and to possess its skin as a trophy was just then the height of my ambition.

We had beaten jungle after jungle, and were thoroughly disgusted and tired, when, with scarcely any warning, a terrible storm came on.

Observing a cave close by we all made for its narrow entrance, although our shikarry scrambled out to us to beware.

We were soon comfortably inside, watching the effects of the hurricane, and laughing at the shikarry's fears, for the cave showed no traces of being occupied either by man or beast.

Suddenly, in the distance behind us, we heard a sort of moaning cry.

Two of our party immediately, with the shikarry, with drawn knives and revolvers, crept slowly towards the spot whence it proceeded, with every sense on the alert.

They were not gone long when we heard a cry of exultation, and in a few moments they returned, each holding a tiger's cub, which he had dispatched.

While we were looking at the creatures, one of the guides shouted, "A tiger! a tiger!" and both fellows dashed out for the nearest tree, which they climbed like cats.

The tiger was fortunately still at a distance, the guides having deserted it beyond a deep ravine.

"Good heavens!" cried my friend Ives, "we are in a tiger's cave! Quick, help me to bar it out."

At once with united strength, we succeeded in rolling to the opening a large boulder that nearly closed it, leaving only a small space above.

Our work was scarcely completed, and we were standing panting behind the stone, when the tiger bounded up, and, finding the cave closed, gave a terrible roar.

It looked for a moment at the obstacle in a puzzled way, then tried to draw it out with its more powerful fore feet.

Failing in this, the tiger tried to push it bounding sideways against it till we feared the stone would indeed roll in. We wedged it fast, however.

Ives stood, rifle in hand, waiting for a fair shot. At last the tiger reared on his hind legs and put his forepaw and muzzle into the orifice.

Ives aimed at the eyes and pulled the trigger, and I from the other side covered it with my pistol.

But the caps would not go off.

They had been ruined by the damp. To our dismay we found ourselves helpless to replace them, as the guides had carried off all our supply.

A blank look of dismay settled on us all. We were trapped. There was no way of escape while the tiger was outside, and he showed no signs of retiring.

Our guides were afraid to descend from the trees and go for assistance, though we kept calling out to them to do so.

One of them hurled a short javelin he held, and struck the tiger in the eye; but this only maddened the creature still more, and it raged viciously round until it crouched down, fierce and furious, again before our cave.

Before long we heard a roar in the distance, which the tiger answered, and in a few more seconds the tigress appeared.

All hope that we had gathered vanished now. Both animals tried to enter the cave, and though we threw out the cubs, hoping that they would carry them off, they only showed the greater fury.

After a time they calmed somewhat, and lay down together; then to our relief they rose and trotted off.

In an instant the guides were at the mouth of the cave, urging us to come out and make our escape. We soon removed the stone and made off in all haste.

We had not, however, left a quarter of an hour when one of the guides, who was serving as rearguard, uttered a cry of alarm. The tigers were on us!

Fortunately, a bamboo bridge was in sight, and as it spanned a wide and deep ravine, there was a hope that we might cross and destroy it before they reached us.

On we tore, mad with fear. We had but just time for the last to spring from the frail swaying structure, when the tigress rose in the air in a magnificent bound for the bridge.

Ives's knife had already done the work, and as the light bamboo swung down towards the other side, the tigress descended, but its foothold was gone.

Lower, lower, lower it sank, till we saw it strike a sharp point of rock, and then, with a yell of pain, roll to a series of jagged teeth, till it fell in the stream, a quivering, lifeless mass.

The tiger recoiled from the brink, and gathering all its strength, endeavored to clear the ravine. To our dismay, it succeeded in placing its forepaws firmly on the edge.

Ives immediately drove his knife into his neck, but the tiger managed to get a foothold for its hind feet, while it planted its claws in Ives's leg.

It had, however, too insecure a foothold to spring up, and Ives, grasping a tree, drove his knife again and again into the tiger's body, as cool and brave as the best soldier who ever faced fire.

We were all around him in an instant. Our rifle-stocks and knives came into play, till, with a yell, the animal tottered back and was gone, while we drew Ives, in a swoon, from his place of danger.

The natives soon dressed his wounds, and made a litter on which we carried our friend back to the village, disappointed indeed, but proud to boast that we had delivered the inhabitants from the tigers and their breed.

Ives was the hero of the season, and we managed, before his recovery, to secure part of the skins to present to him during his convalescence.

THE LAST SCENE.—All the poor of Naples who die on a certain day are buried on the same ensuing in a pit just outside the city, the innocent child being thrown in with the dead convict. A recent writer tells of seeing bodies brought by dozens to the pits naked on wheelbarrows and the backs of their friends. On one occasion, after the lid of the pit had been closed, two corpses were found lying outside that had been missed by the workmen. To avoid opening the pit, they were left to be put into the one to be opened next day. In the morning, however, they were nowhere to be found, dogs during the night having eaten them up. Italy is put down on the map as a civilized country.

Nervous Exhaustion.

Americans suffer more from nervous exhaustion than the people of any other nation in the world. Whether as workers or pleasure seekers, we give ourselves scarcely any rest. Everything is done with an energy that wastes the nervous forces rapidly. Men and women break down in their very prime and become invalids, while others, holding still to their restless lives, alternate between enforced activity and enforced idleness, having little physical comfort or real enjoyment in anything.

This large class, who will not or cannot refrain from taxing nature beyond her normal strength, and who suffer more or less from nervous exhaustion in consequence, will find Compound Oxygen an unfailing restorer of vital force. A quick response of the whole nervous system to its action rarely fails to appear. This is followed by a purer condition of the blood, an increase of appetite, sounder sleep, and a general toning up of the whole system. The downward drift is checked, and the patient finds himself moving in the opposite direction—healthward. After that all will depend on himself. If he will continue, for a reasonable time, the Treatment which has wrought so great a change in his condition and so rid the causes which originally impaired his health, he may look for a permanent restoration. If you wish to know all about this remarkable Treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, for the "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will be *sent free*.

New Publications.

The *Ledger* almanac for 1885 is fully up to the level of the excellence which marked its predecessors, and will be recognized as one of the most valuable manuals of the year. The vast fund of information which it contains is largely local to Philadelphia in character, but it embraces also a great amount of political and postal reference which gives it a general and valuable interest for all sections.

Among all those who make a specialty of advertising in this country—or for that matter any other—N. W. Ayer & Son, of this city, occupy a leading place in the very first rank. In everything that concerns the prompt transaction of business, with the fullest satisfaction to all concerned, they have won their present position by just dealing, diligence, and well directed enterprise. All having advertising to do to any amount should consult this most eminent and reputable firm.

One of the best and most entertaining of the short philosophical works of Cicero, is his "De Amicitia." On Friendship. It has now been translated by Andrew P. Peabody with an introduction and notes. An effort has been made in the main work and these accessories to make everything as plain as possible for the general reader. While those familiar with classic ideas may say little is left to all private effort, those for whom it is more particularly intended, will be glad of the opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the great Roman without any extra formality. The book, which also contains translation of "Scipio's Dream," is beautifully printed and neatly bound. Published by Little, Brown & Co. For sale by all booksellers.

"The Wane of an Ideal," is a novel by La Marchesa Colombi, translated from the Italian by Clara Bell. Among living Italian novelists this authoress is entitled to a high rank. Her latest novel is by no means inferior to her best previous efforts; it is eminently wholesome, strong, and interesting; while to a foreigner we cannot but think that it supplies a particularly attractive series of pictures of village life in the North of Italy. It is a story of to-day in which a variety of the social problems which occupy Italian thought are treated in a way which is humorous without being cynical, and with a close which is melancholy, but scarcely tragical. We recommend it as a story which is worth reading. In one volume. Price, paper cover, 50 cents, cloth binding 90 cents. William S. Gottsberger, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

MAGAZINES.

All flower lovers will find Vick's *Illustrated Monthly* a most useful companion for the garden. Price $1.25 a year. Published at Rochester, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for January is another excellent number. In literary matter and the character of its engravings it is justly entitled to the very highest praise. Among the articles most of which are finely pictured are: A Normandy Milkmaid; Cutwater; Shakspeare's Country, continued; The Dramatic Outlook, continued; The Girl at the Gate, serial story; That Terrible Man, serial; A Family Affair; etc., etc. Macmillan & Co., New York. Price 15 cents per number.

The judgment of the publishers in bringing out an American edition of *The Quiver* has been sustained by the public, and the success of this magazine in the United States is a foregone conclusion. The second number is not a whit behind the first in point of interest. It is opened by the Rev. J. Hugh Hutton, who begins a series of papers of Truths for the Times. Talking, is the title of the first paper. Bishop Cartwright continues his scholarly papers on The Mysteries of Revelation and of Nature. Other theological articles are: Rest of Talks in the Bush of Life; A few Words About Religious Instruction and Education; The Shepherd and the Lambs, Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands, and a continuation of The Cedars and the Candlesticks, by Dr. Hugh Macmillan; The Caxton Brigade, a self-supporting organization of boys for selling decent newspapers and books is described by Arthur Reade. There is a very interesting paper on the work of A Bishop's Wife in Zululand. The serial stories grow more absorbing as they continue and the shorter ones have attractions that are all their own. The poetry of the number is of a thoughtful and Christian bearing. The Bible lessons are as instructive as they are interesting, and the Short Answers will shoot kindly light into many hearts. No one, we think, will deny that *The Quiver* with its bright pictures and words of cheer, will be a welcome visitor in every Christian household. $1 a year. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York.

One cider mill in Massachusetts uses 300,000 barrels of apples every year.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks:

THE DWARF KING.

BY E. T. MITCHELL.

ON the shores of Lake Thun, in Switzerland, there are still to be seen the ruins of what must have been a large and flourishing village, concerning which, the peasantry tell the following legend:—

On a wild winter's night, many, many years ago, before learned men had argued fairies and elves and all other such beings right off the earth, an old man was making his way slowly along the road that ran by the edge of the lake.

He was a strange-looking old man; the crown of his head would hardly have reached to another's elbow, and he had a long white beard, which flowed before his belt.

The rain and sleet were driving in his face, and the fierce gusts of wind nearly carried him off his feet; but he struggled on, keeping his eyes fixed on the lights of the village, which gleamed through the darkness some distance further on, where he hoped to find rest and refreshment.

He reached the first house at last, a comfortable, substantial dwelling, through the windows of which the ruddy firelight shone, and merry voices and the steady hum of spinning-wheels could be heard from within.

The dwarf had to knock thrice at the door ere he was heard, but then some one called out roughly to know who was there and what he wanted.

"Give me shelter for the night," begged the old man. "I have come a long way, and I am wet and weary."

"Begone!" cried the voice, harshly. "We should have enough to do were we to shelter all the rogues and vagabonds who come this way."

"Let me even sleep in a corner of your barn," pleaded the dwarf. "You surely will not refuse me that on such a night?"

"Take yourself off," roared the voice, "or I will loose the dogs upon you," and as a heavy tread was heard approaching the door the poor dwarf fled in terror.

He went on to the next house, but met no better reception there, and so he wandered from house to house through the whole village. No one would have pity on him or take him in out of the storm.

He had arrived at the last house, which could hardly be called a house at all, but only a hovel, with wretched, tumble-down walls and a shingle roof, and his heart sank within him as he knocked at the door.

"If the well-to-do people in the good houses I have passed would not help me," he thought, "it is little likely that those who live in this miserable abode will do so."

The hut was owned by a young couple, who had besides it only what their two pair of arms could earn for them.

They were sitting inside, taking rest after their day's work, and listening to the storm raging without, when the woman heard the dwarf's low, timid knock.

"Go and see who it can be, Hans," she said, "out on such an awful night as this."

Her husband went to the door, and called out, "Who is there?"

"I have come a long way, and I can go no further," the dwarf answered, piteously. "Take me in, I pray you, or I shall perish in the storm."

"Wife dear," said Hans, "though it is but a poor place we have to offer you."

He unbarred the door hastily, but before he could open it, the dwarf, worn out with hunger and fatigue, and sunk down senseless on the threshold.

"Why, it was cruel not to tell me!" cried Hans, catching him up in his arms. "Elsbeth, make haste and light a fire, put on the kettle, we have no time to lose; we can do without ourselves, but we must get the child warmed."

Elsbeth moved, and soon had a roaring fire on the hearth, but as the light fell on the dwarf's white beard and wrinkled face, she cried out in terror.

"Hans, that is no child which you have taken in, it is an old man. Who knows what an uncanny being it may be?"

"No matter," said Hans, as he drew off the dwarf's wet garments and rubbed his limbs to bring back the life into them; "whatever he may be he is our guest, and we must do the best we can for him; it is hardly likely he will requite our hospitality ill."

The dwarf soon revived, and sat up and looked about him.

"Ah, as I said," you were the good people who took me in. I shall not soon forget it."

Then he laid his head back and fell into a deep, sound sleep, and when he awoke his clothes were dried, and Elsbeth was just setting a dish of steaming porridge on the table.

The dwarf seated himself with the honest people and shared their homely fare; and then he felt himself fully invigorated once more.

"I can never thank you for all your kindness," he said, "but indeed I will never forget it, and I will surely find some means of repaying you."

"For what?" said Hans; "we could not have turned anyone away this bitter night. We looked for no reward, and we want none."

"But surely I could do something for you," urged the dwarf; "there must be something you wish for."

"I wish for things, of course," said Hans; "who does not? There is this house here, lying under the hill; it is damp, and in the winter time the lake often rises and floods it.

"If I had my wish the house should stand upon the hill-top, where there would be no water to flood it, and where we could look over all the country round about; but, as my father built it here under the hill, there it must ever stay."

"Who knows what may happen?"

Then, turning to Elsbeth, he said:

"And you, good woman, have you no wishes, too?"

"Why, yes," said Elsbeth, laughing, "if the house stood upon the hill, as Hans has wished, I should like to have a great lime tree beside it. In the spring I love to sit under a lime tree and listen to the bees humming in the blossoms and the birds singing overhead."

"And nothing more?" asked the dwarf. "Surely you must wish for something else than this."

"Well," Elsbeth answered, thoughtfully, "I know of only one thing besides. I sometimes think what would become of me if Hans were to die and leave me here all alone.

"Could I have my wish we should both die together—on a spring evening, under the lime tree, with the bees humming and the birds singing, and the sun setting—ah, that would be the kind of a death I should like to die!"

"But have you no desire to be rich?" asked the dwarf; "to have plenty of money and lands?"

"No," said Hans.

"Don't want to be rich?" said the dwarf, seemingly surprised.

"No. We are both strong and healthy. We can earn enough for our daily wants, and we are content. But it is late—it is time to go to rest."

Hans and Elsbeth insisted that the dwarf should take their bed, though he tried to resist, and they themselves lay down on a heap of straw in the corner, where they were soon sleeping more soundly than many a prince in a silk-hung bed.

They were no sooner asleep, however, than the dwarf arose, and noiselessly unbarring the door, he went out.

The storm had passed over; it was a calm, bright night; and the moon was shining down peacefully, mirrored in the waters of the lake.

The dwarf made some mystic signs in the air, and putting a golden whistle to his mouth, he blew it shrilly.

In a few moments, there was heard a rushing sound, like the blast of a whirlwind. It was not wind, however, but thousands upon thousands of dwarfs coming from all parts of the earth at their master's bidding.

"Make speed," cried he; "before the first streak of dawn appears, this house must stand upon yonder hill, and there must be a great lime-tree planted beside it."

"It shall be done," answered the dwarfs, and set about their task forthwith.

While part of them levelled a space on the hillside, and made it smooth, the rest dug out the foundations of the house, after which, taking it in their myriads of little hands, they carried it up the hill so gently and steadily that Hans and his wife were not disturbed in their sleep, nor the least harm done to the house or anything in it.

They set it down in the place prepared and made it fast in the ground; next they dug a huge hole beside it, in which to plant the lime-tree, and then they swept through the air to a forest some miles away.

They chose out the largest and most handsome tree, and, having dug it up by the roots all round, they carried and planted it down in the hole they had dug, as firmly as if it had grown there from a sapling.

Then, having fulfilled their master's bidding, they dispersed as they had come.

At sunrise, next morning, Hans jumped up, and went to the window to look out at the weather, but what was his amazement, when, instead of finding himself low down by the edge of the lake, he saw both it and the village lying down far below.

He rubbed his eyes, and looked again and again, thinking that he must surely be dreaming; but no, there could be no doubt about it—the house had really been moved during the night up the hill.

"Elsbeth, Elsbeth!" he called, "come and see the wondrous thing that has happened during the night."

Elsbeth came running, and perceived not only how the house had been moved, but also the branches of the lime tree, which overhung the white roof.

"The little old man whom we took in last night, Hans, must have done it," she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the dwarf, who had come behind them, "the King of Dwarfkind has done it to repay you in some sort for your kindness to him; and if something very terrible should happen to-day, do not be afraid; rest assured that no harm shall come to you."

And therewith he was gone, so suddenly that they could not tell where he had disappeared to.

Hans and Elsbeth went out to look about them.

They saw that the house was fixed on the hillside so firmly that no one would have believed it had not been built there, and they admired the great lime tree overhanging it.

They were still gazing about them in wonder and delight when dark clouds came drifting up from all quarters of the heavens till the sky, which had been clear and blue, was black as night.

"Come into the house, Elsbeth," cried Hans; "there is going to be an awful storm."

They were hardly under shelter, when the rain began to fall in torrents, and a wind arose and roared past the house, till they thought every instant it would be carried away.

The thunder crashed overhead, and the gloom was lit up incessantly by blinding flashes of lightning.

The little streams that trickled down the mountain side was soon swollen to foaming cataracts, which dashed down carrying rocks and uprooted trees along with them.

"We are undone," shrieked Hans, who had been standing gazing out into the tempest. "There is a great rock driving right down upon the house!"

But when the huge mass was close upon them, it stopped suddenly and became immovable, forming a rampart, at which the water divided and flowed away on either side, leaving the house safe in the middle.

On the top of the rock, guiding it in its course, stood the dwarf, and Elsbeth said gratefully, "Our little guest has saved our lives."

After the storm had raged a few hours, it ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the sun shone out brightly once more.

"Let us go down into the village," said Hans, "and see how our neighbors have fared."

But when they got there, a woeful sight met their eyes.

The village had vanished.

Houses, men, cattle, and all been swept into the lake; only a few roofless ruins remained, as they do to this day.

If the dwarf king's gratitude had been great towards the honest couple who had taken him in, his vengeance had also been dire on those who had turned him from their doors.

Years had passed away.

Hans and Elsbeth had seen their children and grandchildren grow up round them.

They were old and bent and grey-haired now, but still they were loved by all who knew them.

They were sitting hand in hand under the lime tree one spring evening, the bees were humming about them and the birds singing in the branches, and the air was filled with the sweet fragrance of the lime blossoms.

"Somehow or another," said Elsbeth, "I can think of nothing else to-day but the little dwarf we took in that winter's night years upon years ago, who moved the house up here for us."

"It is strange," said her husband, "for it is just the same with me. It was on just such an evening as this that you wished we might die. Well, should we die to-night, we have had long and happy lives, and it is well-nigh time we were at rest."

Just then the last rim of the setting sun disappeared behind the mountains. Hans and Elsbeth laid their heads back against the trunk of the lime tree, and died at the self-same moment.

Thus had the dwarf granted all their wishes.

SAVED FROM THE FLOOD.—It was an old sabot, or wooden shoe, and it was very fortunate that Pique and Carreau, some French chickens, had established themselves inside it, whilst Coeur had mounted on the top, when suddenly a rush of water carried the sabot far away from the bank on which it was lying, and the chickens found themselves floating away upon what seemed to be a great ocean.

Alas! the waters had risen over the hedges and stone walls, and the lower stories of the houses were already full of water; and the people had taken refuge in the upper rooms.

Annette and Pierre and their mother had mounted to the second story, and Madame Charette was wringing her hands as she thought of the water getting into her linen chests and damaging the store of linen that had been for years the pride of her life.

Just then Pierre burst into a loud laugh, saying

"How droll!"

"Thou thoughtless boy," said madame, turning sharply round; "thou art naughty beyond belief."

Pierre moved away quickly, for his mother looked very angry.

He tried not to laugh as he pointed out of the window to the sabot floating quietly upon the water, with Coeur looking like a little white mat upon it.

Annette looked too.

"My poor chickens," said she, "if I could only get them!"

"That we cannot do without a boat," replied Pierre, "and it will be some time before there are boats out to help us."

"And the waters may rise, and we may be glad to need help before then," answered Virginie. "Hush, the water coming nearer to the window-sill."

Pierre was grave in a moment.

"Yes, it is rising," said he, in a very low voice.

Madame started, and looked out of the window.

"We must get into the garret," said she; "and perhaps we can scramble through the hole in the roof if the worst comes. Ah, if the father were but here! But the waters may have overtaken him in the valley. I never was such a flood before."

"Make haste, make haste!" cried Annette, "the water is over the floor—it is coming in at the window."

And the frightened family fled up the ladder into the garret.

"If we had something for a flag," suggested Pierre.

"Here is my apron," said Annette, "and here is a pole."

Pierre scrambled through the hole and waved his flag.

"Hurrah!" shouted Pierre, "there are boats coming. Shout, Annette, as loud as you can."

And in a few moments a well known voice cried out.

"All safe, Pierre?"

Annette and Madame Charette were clambering up the ladder. Madame was sobbing, and all she could do was to give thanks for the deliverance.

Annette cast a very sad and wistful look over the waters. "My poor chickens!" she murmured.

"They are here all safe," replied Pierre Charette. "I saw them floating in their sabot, and I succeeded in picking the poor things up."

"Coeur, Pique, and Carreau," said Annette, "you will be wonderful chickens forever."

And so they were. They were not killed as other fowls, but were suffered to live on as the only fowls that were saved in the flood from Madame Charette's poultry-yard.

L. F.

THE FOX AND THE FROG.—A frog had made himself a home in what he considered a very desirable situation.

It was beside a river far away from any human habitations, so that he had no occasion to fear the incursions of rude boys, of whom, owing to their stone-throwing propensities, he had a natural horror.

It was also a very pleasant spot, where reeds and bulrushes and water-plants protected him from the glare of the sun, whilst before him the water-lilies spread their broad leaves upon the water.

Food was plentiful in the vicinity, and he congratulated himself upon having found a place where he could dwell without being subject to constant alarms.

A fox had on very much the same principle taken up his residence in a wood near.

There were plump young pigeons and hares and rabbits to be had, and very often he came in for water-fowl by the river.

"And no fear of traps here," said he, "or of boys or men with guns. It is far too wild a place for them."

So he made himself as comfortable as possible in his den, and enjoyed himself to his heart's content; never finding it necessary, excepting in winter-time, to make an expedition to more populated parts, though at such seasons he was obliged through hunger to journey to the remote villages for poultry, through scarcity of provisions in his own parts.

One fine day, as he was sauntering along, he happened to observe a movement among the rushes, and to hear a strange cry that he had not heard before.

He paused to listen, and still the sound went on, and still the reeds kept swaying to and fro.

"Doubtless a bird," said he.

And he cautiously advanced to where the noise came from.

Now it happened that the frog was splashing about and performing rotary movements that caused the swaying of the rushes, and that he was making a curious singing noise on which he prided himself as showing his fine voice.

Looking up, he perceived the great sharp face of the fox peering curiously down on him.

Not that the fox was looking at him, for he had not perceived him, his mind being occupied with the fine young waterfowl he hoped to find there.

The frog, however, made up his mind that the fox had come after him.

"Such a fine young frog as I am," he exclaimed, "is never safe for a single moment."

And, with a loud croak of terror, he plunged into the water and swam away, determined to put a safe distance between himself and his pursuer.

The fox looked over the rushes, and seeing the frog swimming as for life, laughed quietly to himself.

"How people magnify their own importance," said he; "as if I were troubling myself to come after him! I was hoping to find prey of a very superior description."

J. G.

IN THE HOUSE.—In nice housekeeping there are numerous trifling things not generally known, but which may be handed down traditionally.

Let the young girl who is ambitious to become a housekeeper keep her eyes well open, and she will learn that lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar and dried will not smoke afterwards; that there is nothing better to remove grease spots from carpets than oxgall from the butcher's, used in water, and swelled as little as possible in the using; that an ounce of alum will purify a whole hogshead of foul water, that a furred tea-kettle may be cleansed by boiling in it a few spoonfuls of ammonia; and that if yeast is bitter, it may be sweetened by thrusting into it a red-hot poker.

She may learn in school that wood ashes make hard water soft by means of its carbonate of potassa uniting with the sulphate of lime, and forming other substances, which fall to the bottom and leave the water all right, and be glad of the knowledge in some situation where she cannot buy washing-soda; but she will not learn there, even though the principle be taught, that a steel pen heated in gaslight and dipped in cold water becomes as good as new, nor know anything about it unless she sees somebody do it.

THERE are 2,800,000,000 copies of daily, weekly and monthly journals published annually in Europe, against 7,300,000,000 copies in America.

THE sign over the store read as follows: "Books, Stationery, Drugs and Medicines." He went in and asked for a copy of "Croup in Children," and the clerk handed him a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

LAST WORDS.

BY J. D. K.

Farewell! I hold you by the hand;
We find it hard to part;
But love can bridge the sea and land,
And keep us close at heart.

And when strange pictures in the blaze
Of evening fires you see,
And sadly muse of other days,
O then remember me!

Remember all the joy we had
In that first glow of life,
When, full of hope, our hearts were glad
To meet the coming strife.

Remember all the days we spent
Beneath the happy sun,
That smiled on every good intent
With every day begun.

Remember all our friendly talk
In fragrant lanes at night,
When stars came out, above our walk,
And shone in silver light.

Remember, when your hopes were dead,
The grief you told to me,
And how I spoke of hopes instead
In brighter days to be.

And let the thought of this be strong
To cheer the lonely road,
When thinking that the way is long,
And weary with the load.

For I will always stand your friend;
And when the dying flame
Of other love has found an end,
My love will be the same.

ABOUT CRUELTY.

BRITANNICUS, son of Claudius, was, like his cousin, Caius Caligula, epileptic. "Caius Caligula, the son of Germanicus, was not," says Seutonius, "sound either in body or mind." The picture of him, left to us by this historian is horrible:

"Caligula, tall of stature, had a pallid complexion, an enormous body, limbs and neck extremely slender, eyes sunken, temples hollow, forehead broad and retreating, hairs thin, the crown bald, and the rest of the body very hairy.

"His countenance was naturally frightful and repulsive, and he tried to render it still more so by practicing before a mirror every possible means of terror and fright. Sleeplessness especially excited his nerves, as he could not lie more than three hours, in unquiet slumber, disturbed by terrifying visions.

"Once he dreamed that the sea talked to him. In this way, tired of watching in bed the greater part of the night, he would sit up, or walk about under vast portices, looking and wishing for day."

Epilepsy was congenital in Caligula; besides fits, he was nearly always under the influence of epileptic vertigo.

The beginning of Caligula's reign gave birth to many hopes. As a true son of Germanicus, this young prince in the first months made a show of liberalism that seduced the unsuspicious; but afterwards, secretly, in the basement of his palace, as before at Capreæ, Caligula in his orgies committed indescribable excesses.

"He was," as Racine said of Nero, "a born monster, only that as yet he dared not to declare himself."

Capital executions, exquisite and refined punishments became the favorite accompaniment of his banquets, and the very spicings of his orgies.

Caligula did not otherwise want genius; his wickedness was ingenious, his malice infernal, his cruelty ironical, and often humorously piquant. It is known that he would make a consul of his horse, Incitatus!

In his implacable and cold rage against the human race, in that acrid voluptuousness which he tried in outraging all that men are wont to respect, he loved to dress himself (this Roman Cæsar) as an Oriental monarch, a play actor, a woman. He was seen in a painted tunic, or a vest of transparent silk, with the sandals of a woman on his feet, and bracelets encircling his arms.

"Very often," says Seutonius, "he appeared with a golden beard, holding a thunderbolt, a trident, or a caduceus in his hand—the insignia of the gods."

In his morbid necessity of vexing and mocking all persons, in the very middle of a public show he ordered the awnings that protected the spectators from the rays of the sun to be taken down. If by chance he, who was bald, met anyone on the street with the head covered, he would order his neck to be shaven.

In order to have the pleasure of predicting and producing a famine, he closed the public granaries of Rome. It was his custom when condemning a son to death, to have the father also killed, through mercy, as he affirmed, that he might thus save him the grief of mourning for his son. Such is a specimen of some of the doleful jokes of Caligula.

Being once displeased with a verse in a comedy, he commanded to be burned on the very stage, not the comedy, but the author of it.

An old prætor, absent on leave, for his health, requested from him permission to remain longer. Caligula ordered his veins to be opened, asserting that blood-letting would cure him.

Junius Priscus, being put to death as the possessor of a large fortune, it was found that he was really poor. "This man has cheated me," exclaimed Caligula, "and has died innocent."

He ordered the death of a certain person; the tribune charged with the execution was deceived, and he put to death another citizen. "It matters not," said Caligula, "this one deserved death as did the other."

Having ordered to be laid before him a list of the most heavily-taxed Gauls, he condemned the richest of them to be put to death. One Junius Sacerdos was found on the list. Though not rich, Caligula did not omit to have him slain with the rest, "Just because of his name," said the blood-thirsty wretch.

In order to raise money, he sold at public auction at enormous prices, his jewels, slaves, furniture, and the freedom of his house.

An aged prætor, Saturninus, having fallen asleep at one of these sales, Caius told the auctioneer to attend to the movements of the sleeper's head, as he evidently had the intention of bidding up. The unfortunate old man found, on awakening, that he had bought thirteen gladiators for 9,000,000 sesterces.

Grains of Gold.

One story is good till another's told
Fly pleasure and it will follow thee.
Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.
A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.
Improve thyself, then try to improve others.
Be the first to hold out the hand of peace.
When all is consumed, repentance comes too late.
He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.
He who revealeth his secret, maketh himself a slave.
Many without punishment, but none without sin.
The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.
Native ability without education is like a tree which bears no fruit.
Work every hour, paid or unpaid. See only that you work, and you cannot escape your reward.
Blessed be he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed be he who adds kind words to his gifts.
Charity excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody, and serves all.
We are all adventurers, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate.
Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.
The paramount virtue of religion is that it has lighted up morality, that it has supplied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the ordinary man along the narrow way.
To be conscious of a failing is half way to its removal. If we but let the failures of the past teach us how to avoid them in the future, they will not have been without their benefit.
There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in the church; but the first and chiefest need for it is at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet.
We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion. When such occasions do occur, our self-love also induces a decision in favor of their judgment.
True peace and joy come because of a believing and trusting heart, of a faith that over our lives is an overruling and protecting Hand. Here is good footing, here is our stronghold, a strong tower and a refuge from sorrow.
Sweetness of temper is not an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

Femininities.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

A man often thinks of himself as a widower, but never of his wife as a widow.

Rival barber shops in Tacoma, Wyoming Territory, are run respectively by a white woman and a Chinaman.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. And it's just as well. It saves a great deal of gossip.

So many women are now doing work formerly done by men, that the male sex is being driven into matrimony as a means of support.

A Wife-Beater's Club is an institution of modern England. When a man thrashes his wife, the club, it is said, performs its mission by paying his fine.

It is a fixed law among the Apache Indians that a man and his mother-in-law must never visit each other and see each other if it can possibly be avoided.

A man never thoroughly appreciates what big hands he has, and how like a bologna sausage his fingers are, until his best girl asks him to button her glove.

"He died on the field," she sobbed, as she stood at his tombstone. "A gallant soldier, no doubt," broke in a sympathizer. "Oh, sir, no—he was hit by a base-ball bat."

Gradually the rights of married women are being established. Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court, of New York, has decided that a woman may legally be her husband's partner in business.

An elderly lady residing in Petersburg, Va., went to bed the other night in possession of good sight, but was unable to see the next morning, and remains totally blind despite the efforts of physicians to afford her relief.

No article of furniture should be put into a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments.

Clara Belle is authority for the statement that the swell damsel of the period takes snuff. The saving explanation is appended, however, that it is not ground tobacco, but simply a daintily-perfumed white powder. The effect upon noses can only be guessed at.

A bright woman, who says she has never yet found a lawyer in his office, wants an amendment to the Constitution making lawyers pay for clients' time. The lawyer never fails to charge for his own time, never thinking to deduct the value of the time of his client.

Let a woman have ever so little guile, she must have tact if she is a true woman. Now, tact, if its etymology is to be trusted, implies a fine sense and power of touch; so, in virtue of her sex, she pats a horse before she drives him, and a man before she drives him.

The Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing, and do not care for ice cream. Hot drinks and walrus blubber or their peculiar vanities, and sealskin mocquesans are sold at two iron hoops and ten-penny nail.

The crusade begun in the East against the species of feminine headgear usually worn in theatres is echoing in San Francisco. It may take some time to convince some theatre-goers that other theatre-goers have rights equal to their own, but the game is worth the candle.

"The Widow Wyse" is the title of a new novel. Ah, yes; that is correct. We read of five foolish virgins, but a foolish widow—never! Her head is not filly, neither is she ignorant concerning upon which surface of the staff of life is the oleomargarine distributed.

Within the soul of every unwon woman abides eternal youth. Though the snow be in her hair before the King may claim her, yet shall he not find violets and the birds of spring, when at last his coming feet shall shine beautifully upon the mountains of her ungarnered heart?

A Paris correspondent, in describing Mr. Worth's establishment, says that the salon des Amazones, where ladies are fitted for riding habits, is draped in green velvet and adorned with side-saddles, whips and stirrups, and an insipid young man helps the young ladies on to a life-size dummy horse.

If you wish to sweeten a floor that has grown musty, make a strong, hot solution of chloride of lime and scrub it into the floor with a broom, having first made the floor as clean as soapsuds and a scrubbing-brush will make it. If the first application does not suffice, give it another, and persevere until you are successful.

Lady (in a book store): "Haven't you a copy of Shakespeare bound in red instead of blue?" Clerk: "No, madam; we have them only in blue." Lady (laying the volume down regretfully): "I am sorry. I wanted it to lie on my ebony centre table; a blue book and a black table would be too inharmonious in color, I think."

Beauty of form affects the mind, but then it must be understood that it is not the mere shell that we admire; we are attracted by the idea that this shell is only a beautiful case adjusted to the shape and value of a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystaline covering.

He was at breakfast, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him: "You always say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I guess you'd be puzzled in this instance." "Not at all," he responded, stopping to breathe, "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it while it was young."

The Turkish woman is superstitious in the extreme. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill-luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, or even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

News Notes.

The paper cigarette is said to be going out of favor.

There were 1,500 roller skating rinks built during 1884.

About 15,000 letters a day now reach the dead letter office at Washington.

Corn-cobs are used for fuel in sections of Nebraska, and sell for $1.50 a load.

Of the 33,000 Indians in the Territory of Dakota, 30,000 speak the English language.

The reports of the Patent Office show that twenty-four hour dial clocks are at least 211 years old.

Religious toleration has recently been proclaimed in Cuba by a royal decree from the King of Spain.

An ingenious German has recently invented an electric horse, which he claims can trot a mile in 1.04.

It is alleged that there are as many Indians in America as were here when Columbus made his discovery.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., has voted to abolish the teaching of music in its public schools on account of high taxes.

Tobacco is the best crop in North Carolina. There are numerous instances of it yielding $900 or $300 an acre.

North Broadfield, Mass., held a big jollification, recently, over the extinction of the last dollar of the town's indebtedness.

Gentlemen of fashion now sport from three to seven finger-rings in addition to the gold or silver bangles so frequently worn by them.

At a Territorial fair in the Northwest, an Indian sent a war bonnet fringed with human scalp-locks as an exhibit, and it took a first prize.

The business failures since 1870 have been as follows: 1870, 10,300; 1871, 6,032; 1872, 4,250; 1873, 5,183; 1874, 7,095; 1875, 10,209; 1884, 11,000.

A game pie containing live quails, which flew away when the pie was cut, was a feature of the supper at a New York children's holiday party.

A mute, who died at Bloomsburg, N. J., recently, began laughing just before her death, and laughed continuously until she breathed her last.

A runaway horse in Stockton, Cal., ran upon a baby carriage, dragged it about fifty feet and kicked it into splinters, and yet the baby escaped.

A huge lemon was recently picked in Florida. It measured 24 inches in circumference one way, 22 inches the other, and weighed 4 pounds 12 ounces.

"Beware of pickpockets!" is a sign that pickpockets care little about. They will go and stick up the sign themselves in any depot if they can draw a crowd.

A package of glass globes of the value of $15 was received at Portland, Oregon, by express, recently, from the East, the express on which amounted to over $60.

Things were made rather lively in the San Francisco postoffice a week or so ago by the escape of a number of bees from a package which was received by mail.

The Grand Jury of La Seur county, Minn., naively remarks of the county jail: "We find the jail as well arranged for the escape of prisoners as they could desire."

"Nitro petroleum," which is the name given to a new explosive, is said to be much more powerful than dynamite, and remarkable stories are told of what it will do.

In the last three months and a half 863,700 dozen of foreign eggs were received at the port of New York, and large importations are expected for the next three months.

A gigantic earthworm has been sent from the Cape Colony, Africa, to the Royal Zoological Society of England. It is six feet five inches in length, and thick accordingly.

A vampire bat was recently captured in El Dorado county, Cal., the wings of which, when extended, measured 2 1-2 inches. It had a tail two inches long, like a rat's.

A lawyer who injudiciously reflected upon a Dakota judge, was promptly knocked down by "His Honor," who descended from the bench to deliver his muscular ruling.

Simon Cameron, who is now 86 years old, is quoted by a friend as saying: "The secret of life is to keep moving. Men grow old only when they sit down long enough to get rusty."

The paradise of tramps is in Gilroy, Kansas. There is a kind lady there who not only feeds the tramps, but supplies them with wines and cigars. It is perhaps needless to add, that her gate-post is chalked.

As an evidence of the slow pace at which the British postoffice authorities move, it is noted that the London letter-carriers still use the common twisted canvas bags, secured at the top with a string.

A California justice, being puzzled by a case, put the two lawyers who argued it under oath as to their correctness of the interpretation of the law. One took the oath readily, but the other declined, and lost his case.

Bad drinking water given to a few cows owned by a single farmer in Ayrshire, Eng., caused an outbreak of typhoid fever in three hospitals, and the illness of 104 patients. The germs of the disease were transmitted by milk.

The burglars who entered a house at Petrolia, this State, the other night and chloroformed the family, not only took all the valuables usually stolen, but cut off a woman's luxuriant hair close to her head and carried that off.

A Bay State woman sold her washtub to a party of marksmen for a target. They paid her $2 for it. After the marksmen had had their sport and gone, she went and got the tub, and she is now just $2 in. The tub was perfectly uninjured.

My Strange Fare.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"THERE will certainly not be a fare to-night," thought I, as the clock struck half-past eleven one night in August about fifteen years ago.

I got down from my seat and proceeded to take the nosebag off the horse's head, preparatory to vacating the cab-stand where I had stood ever since two o'clock waiting anxiously for some one to engage me.

All the other cabs had departed, and my vehicle was the sole occupant of a deserted cab-stand.

It was a typical August evening; the heat during the day had been insupportable, and now the thick black rain-clouds gathering in the sky, and the heavy, close atmosphere foretold the advent of a storm. I soon put everything in order and climbed up into my seat again.

Hardly had I seized the reins when I felt something tugging at the skirts of my coat.

I turned round and looked. A very tall man dressed in black, was standing beneath me and gesticulating violently. In the dim light I could see his pale face and piercing eyes quite distinctly.

"I want you to drive me to Buxley," he said; "it is a matter of life and death, and I will pay you handsomely if you will take me."

I glanced up at the lowering sky.

A flash of lightning burst forth from the highly charged clouds, and a peal of deep-rolling thunder followed.

Then several huge rain-drops pattered down on the roof of the cab and on the water-proof cape I had put on in view of the approaching downpour.

I debated in my mind whether I should accept or refuse the offer.

The prospect was certainly not inviting. Buxley was four or five miles distant, right out in the country, and a drenching storm was about to burst forth.

My reflections were abruptly cut short by several vigorous tugs at my coat, and my energetic friend exclaimed—

"There's no time to lose. You must drive me! You won't repent it, I can assure you, when you get to your destination."

He ran forward, jumped in the cab, and slammed the doors.

I pressed my hat tightly on my head, seized whip and ribbons, and off we dashed in the direction of Buxley.

Another flash of lightning made my horse rear up with fright, and the reverberant rattle of heavenly musketry that drowned the beat of his hoofs on the hard dusty road, made me almost decide upon turning back at once.

But having made a start I resolved to see the end.

On one sped, and soon left the streets and gained the country lanes fringed with sweet smelling hedges and fields.

Down came the rain now in torrents, and the gritty road was soon converted into a regular 'slough of despond.'

I thought it best to give the horse a brief rest, as I slackened pace, and we jogged along somewhat slowly.

This went on for a few minutes, and then the trap-door in the roof of the cab was suddenly pushed open, and the gentleman called out—

"Drive faster; there's not a moment to waste; every minute is valuable."

I whipped up the horse, and we tore through the blackness.

Vivid forks of lightning flashed across the ebony sky, apparently from east to west.

Boom, and crash, followed the thunder, as of a huge wooden scaffold violently shaken to the ground.

The rain dashed into my face and nearly blinded me.

We sped onwards, jolting over ruts and stones, and flinging the mud on all sides. Another flash of lightning exhibited our position, and revealed the fact we had left the fields and trim hedges and were in the midst of a far-spreading waste of common, thinly covered with stunted furze bushes.

A miserable grey donkey escaped from its moorings, stumbled about in the gloom, and now and again gave vent to a dismal and sepulchral "hee-haw!" anything but cheering.

I was wondering where our ultimate destination would turn out to be when the trap-door was again pushed open, and "Stop!" shouted from the interior of the cab.

I instantly pulled my steed up, and, jumping to the ground, twisted the reins round the trunk of a tree that stood by the roadside.

My "fare" sprang out at the same moment, and, seizing me convulsively by the arm, said—

"Come with me. It is nearly twelve o'clock. Life and death hang on every second. Come!"

He hurried forward, and I followed as quickly as I could.

He appeared to be acquainted with the ground, for he ran along without hesitation.

As for me, I stumbled over the stones, splashed through innumerable puddles, and nearly dislocated my ankles several times in rabbit-holes, and ditches.

We had run, I roughly guess, about a hundred and fifty yards from where we had alighted, and, encumbered as I was with a heavy wet oilskin cape and waterproof rug, I was soon in a terrible state of heat, and puffing like a grampus.

The exertion was a novelty to me, and when my companion some distance ahead, again yelled out "Stop!" I felt ready to sink to the ground with exhaustion.

The storm had spent its fury and was now rapidly abating.

The rain fell softly, and the clouds, lightened of their electrical charge, were rolling away from the moon, whose rays struggled through the misty banks of vapor that surrounded her.

By the moonlight, that every moment grew stronger, I observed my companion kneeling on the ground.

He arose as I approached him, and pulling out his watch exclaimed, in an abrupt and passionate manner—

"Five minutes in which to accomplish everything—five short minutes betwixt life and death.

"Listen! This night, at twelve o'clock, my life ebbs away and I die. I am not an old man; I have wealth, and every luxury to make life happy and enjoyable; I shrink from the grave.

"It is a fearful way, but one halts at nothing when on the brink of death and eternal darkness. If I would live, another must die. I have searched all this day for one to take my place, and now, at the eleventh hour, Fortune has come to my aid and provided you!"

I was dumfounded.

The man's manner was frightful; his face worked in a ghastly way that plainly showed he was a prey to violent mental emotion.

"You are an ordinary man," he went on, rapidly, for the very moments were precious to him now, "without talent, riches, or place in the world. What matters it, then if you leave the earth a year or two before nature decrees it? But for me it is different. I cannot, I must not, die!"

He literally shrieked out the last words. Then he plunged his hand in the inside pocket of his coat and drew out a large revolver.

He surveyed me calmly from head to foot—and a strange object I must have appeared—then raised the weapon, and presented it point-blank at me.

I am an ordinary man, and the bumps of heroism and courage do not appear at all on my cranium.

I was literally "struck all of a heap" by this tragic termination.

My tongue refused its office and clave to the roof of my mouth.

My brain seemed to whirl round and round, and a mist came over my eyes. I remember distinctly seeing the man raise the revolver, then hearing the click of the trigger, and two explosions follow one another in rapid succession. Then I stumbled forward, and a scream of exultation escaped from the man's lips.

At that moment, twelve o'clock boomed from a distant church tower.

I must have remained totally insensible for three or four moments; when I regained consciousness I raised myself on my arm and observed my "fare" lying face downwards on the ground in front of me.

Then a great mass of sable clouds rolled over the face of the moon and all was darkness once more.

I staggered to my feet like one intoxicated, and fled from the spot. Regaining the cab, I lashed up the horse and whirled back to town.

I reached the stables at last, put the horse away, and wheeled the cab under cover. I stepped inside the vehicle a moment for the purpose of stowing my cape under the seat, and as I opened the folding doors my eyes fell on a small, dark-colored object lying in the corner.

I brought it outside, and then discovered it to be a leather wallet, such as business men use to contain papers and documents. I tore it open.

A paper package fell out, and its contents rattled as it touched the ground.

In another second the paper was removed and I stood with the yellow gaslight shining on a little heap of bright and glittering sovereigns, jewels, and rings.

How I got to bed that night I know not. One thing I do know, I did not sleep a wink during those long weary hours, but lay tossing feverishly, my brain on fire, and torn and perplexed with hideous dreams and visions of what I had witnessed that night.

It was getting on for five weeks when I recovered—five weeks of fever and delirium the whole time, as the hospital doctor afterwards told me.

I procured a newspaper as soon as I was strong enough to leave my bed, and searched the columns long and anxiously to discover something about that man.

At last I found a brief paragraph stating that the body of a man, name and address unknown, who had, apparently, committed suicide had been discovered on Buxley Common on such-and-such a day. That was all.

Not a word more.

I had no desire to reopen the subject, and I came to the conclusion that I should do no good by doing so.

I appropriated the contents of the packet I had found, for, I said to myself, it was the fare I had been promised by my passenger, and which he had never given me.

I paid my passage to America, and there, amid new scenes and fresh faces, I strove to efface from my memory all recollections of that terrible night and my "strange fare."

"WHAT is worse than freckles?" asks a young lady. Corns, my dear, corns. They don't show so much when you're dressed up, but then if you keep straight no one can step on your freckles.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills cleanse the system, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, vitalize the blood, and thus renew the golden age of youth.

Facetiæ.

Why is the alphabet like the mail? It consists of letters.

Why is the sound of a bell like a circle of gold? Because it is a ring.

The Chinese say there are two good men—the one dead, the other unborn.

Why is a committee of inquiry like a cannon? Because it makes a report.

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato has never been visible.

When is the moon like a dollar fresh from the mint? When it is new and bright.

Is there a soul living who has heard a sentiment emanating from a breast of veal?

An eel was found in a can of milk, recently, and it didn't appear to be at all out of its element.

Why are pawnbrokers like pioneers of progress? Because they are always ready to make an advance.

Why is an almanac simply advice thrown away? Because it comes in at one (y)ear and goes out at the other.

Why is a young lady who has deserted her lover like an arrow just shot off? Because she has left her beau.

Fashionable walking-sticks are very heavy this winter. The canes are purposely loaded to keep the dudes from being blown away.

Why is a man knocking at a door like the instrument which he uses to demand admittance? Because he is a knocker at the door.

You cannot always judge a man's character by the clothes he wears. Sometimes the linen is worth a great deal more than the furniture which it covers.

There are no swear words in the Indian dialects. The consequence is, when an Indian gets mad he says nothing, but splits your head open with a tomahawk.

"You're a stuck up thing!" remarked the bill-poster to the circus bill. "I've a right to be," replied the bill, "because I'm well posted and thoroughly red."

A lady of irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made of the rib. "Indeed, I can't say," was his reply, "unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:

☞ MRS. HUMBERT, *344 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

☞ MR. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

☞ MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

☞ DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

☞ MRS. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Is, in four respects, superior to all others.

1st—It will produce a rich, natural color, brown or black, as desired.

2d—The color so produced is permanent, cannot be washed off, and will not soil anything with which it comes in contact.

3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.

4th—It contains no deleterious ingredients, as do many preparations offered for like use.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all dealers in medicines.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00.
SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE.
90 page Catalogue for 10 cents.
NATIONAL TYPE CO., Phila'a, Pa.

50 Embossed Chromo Cards for 1878, name on, 10c. Present with each p'k. Potter & Co., Montowese, Ct.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened
PNEUMONIA,
or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA
CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,
Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 39 and 40 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

A ROMANCE.

HE WRITES:

What would I give to be with you, my love!
Kingdoms and palaces many, my dove!
Silver and gold would I give without end,
If even one hour with thee I could spend!

SHE WRITES.

Take the first train and come up to the Springs,
Then you can see me without all these things,
As far as I know, there's naught in the way—
The board here is fair at four dollars a day.

HE THINKS:

I'd fly on the wings of the morn—if I could:
But the wings of the morn will do me no good.
"Four dollars a day!" did you say, my adored?
I just lack four dollars to pay a week's board.

—S. T. OLEY

Humorous.

Niagara Falls—of course.

Promising affair—An engagement ring.

Unspeakably happy—A deaf and dumb bridal couple.

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

When are watches easily stolen? When they are off their guard.

When ignorance is bliss, it is folly to ask the landlady what she puts in the hash.

Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of conviction.

It takes 95,000 people packed as in a political meeting to fill an acre. It takes a dentist an hour.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient grounds for remaining away.

The man who always finds something good in the newspaper, is the chap who carries his lunch wrapped up in it.

Elephant herds are always led by female elephants. Just the same the world over. If anything is heard, the female takes the lead in circulating it.

"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

A little boy complained to his mother that the teacher couldn't remember his name. "When she speaks to me," he said, "she always calls me Silence."

An agricultural paper has an article on "the time to loook after poultry." We are not so very well up in such matters, but we imagine the night time might be about right.

A citizen of a village on the Hudson river has excited great indignation by gratifying his fondness for patting dogs on the head. He uses a heavy iron poker to pat them with.

A plant has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say good-bye to the cashier.

A prominent physician of the Hub is quoted as saying: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Boiled children is evidently the latest Boston craze, but will never become popular.

That was a terrible threat of a Chicago pugilist to his antagonist: "I'll twist you around your own throat until there's nothing left of you but the ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes."

"Money goes a great way nowadays," observed a New York bank cashier, as he pocketed $50,000 of the bank's funds and set out for a trip round the world, after paying a visit to his friends over in Canada.

The boy that took down a hornet's nest and undertook to carry it home, thinking he had a bag of treasures, lost the bag on the way, but succeeded in getting the hornets to accompany him to his destination.

It has been remarked that the boy who will cry and make an awful fuss if compelled to take a bath in the house, will consider it the acme of romantic bliss to tramp miles over a dusty road to take a swim in a stagnant pool.

The plea of a Nashville negro convicted of butting an enemy almost fatally, was that in infancy he had been fed on milk from a notoriously belligerent goat. The judge said that he could not regard that fact as an extenuation.

At a party in Camden on New Year's eve a young lady began a song, "The Autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screamed, and then stopped. "Start her at five thousand?" cried an auctioneer present.

In a recent lecture, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said: "In this country smart men have always a chance." That is true enough; but after they have had it, hundreds of them leave their country and go to Canada and stay until the directors fix up the affair with the stockholders.

An agricultural journal says that "wormy apples will not keep so well as those which are sound." That depends. Place a basket of wormy apples and another of sound ones within reach of a dozen boys, and the wormy ones will remain long after the sound ones have disappeared.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spilkins, who was reading a paper. "Why so?" "I read in the paper that after the fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men instead of romping about like so many children?"

A Western paper says, that one dark night an engineer, of a long train, to his horror perceived a light rapidly approaching, as he thought, upon the line. He sounded the whistle, and the breaks were at once applied, when he discovered that it was the signal upon the rear car of his own train, which, from the great curvature of the road, shone full upon him!

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry

For 20 years **HUMPHREYS' Veterinary Specifics** have been used by **Farmers, Stock-breeders, Horse R. R., Hippodromes, Menageries,** and others with perfect success.

LIST OF SPECIFICS.

A. A.	Cures **Fevers & Inflammation,** Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera,	75c.
B. B.	Cures **Strains, Lameness,** Rheumatism,	75c.
C. C.	Cures **Distemper,** Nasal Discharges,	75c.
D. D.	Cures **Bots or Grubs,** Worms,	75c.
E. E.	Cures **Cough, Heaves,** Pneumonia,	75c.
F. F.	Cures **Colic or Gripes,** Bellyache,	75c.
G. G.	Prevents **Miscarriage,**	75c.
H. H.	Cures all **Urinary Diseases.**	75c.
I. I.	Cures **Eruptive Diseases,** Mange,	75c.
J. J.	Cures all **Diseases of Digestion,**	75c.
	Veterinary Case, (black walnut) with Veterinary Manual, (320 pages), 10 bottles Medicine, and Medicator,	$8.00
	Medicator,	35

☞ These Veterinary Cases are sent free of express on receipt of the price, or any order for Veterinary Medicine to the amount of $5.00 or more.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (320 pages) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

☞ **Pamphlets sent free** on application.

HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Med. Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT —OF THE— **AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,** OF PHILADELPHIA.

For the Year Ending December 31, 1884.

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$140,111 84
Interest received from investments, rents, etc.	164,442 06
	$313,553 90

DISBURSEMENTS.

Life losses paid	$194,582 93
Endowments and annuities paid	7,670 00
Traveling agents and commissions	1,405 71
Salaries and medical examinations	23,758 25
Taxes, licenses and legal expenses	11,291 84
Printing, advertising, stamps, etc.	11,756 36
Surrendered and canceled policies, dividends and notes voided by lapse of policies	358,337 17
	$608,462 27

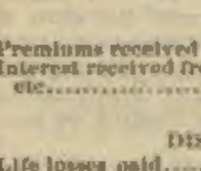
ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1885.

Mortgages upon real estate	$578,317 00
Stocks and bonds	961,026 31
Real estate, office and properties bought to secure loans	339,226 69
Loans on collateral amply secured	243,234 67
Premium notes secured by policies	213,303 94
Net deferred premiums	6,857 08
Cash on hand and in banks	180,463 03
Accrued interest to January 1	26,947 28
	$2,549,391 98

LIABILITIES.

Reinsurance reserve at 4 1-2 per cent.	$1,870,677 00
Death claims not yet due	21,940 00
Funds held in trust	83,789 19
Net premiums paid in advance	1,050 98
	$1,977,697 17
Surplus as to policy-holders	571,700 81
	$2,549,393 98
Number of policies in force	3,378
Amount at risk	$5,578,508 00

GEORGE W. HILL, President.
GEORGE C. WILSON, Jr., Sec. and Treas.



FREE! FREE! Solid Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Rings, and 100 other useful articles absolutely Free! 50 Elegant Gold Leaf Embossed and Souvenir Cards with your name in New script Type, 10c., 2 packs and 2 Elegant French Dolls with wardrobe of 32 pieces, 20c 3 packs and this beautiful Rolled Gold Ring, 30c. Our styles of Imported, Satin Fringe and Real Silk Florals are unequaled. Full instructions how to obtain all the above articles free, also a full line of samples free with every order. We want Agents, and offer Gold to those who seek it. Agents make $5.00 per day handling our goods. Send at once; don't miss this opportunity as this offer may not be repeated. Address WEST HAVEN MANUFACTURING WORKS, West Haven, Conn.

Over 100 Beautiful Varieties of Silks for **CRAZY PATCHWORK** Embroidery Silk, sent postpaid, 25c. a package. Send ten 2c. stamps for samples and book of fancy stitches, designs, &c., for Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 12 packs $1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, &c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

40 Embossed and Hidden Name Cards, Hand-holding Flowers &c., Game of Fortune and Present, 10c., 11 packs, Pearl Ring and Handkerchief, $1. BLAKESLEE & CO., North Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 25c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

40 Hidden Name, Perfumed and Embossed Cards, Pocket Calendar and new Samples, all 10c. 13 pks and Agents Outfit, $1. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A CHANCE TO MAKE $1,000 ON A ONE DOLLAR INVESTMENT.

No Subscriber Will Receive Less Than 25 Cents in Cash.

The following list of Prizes will be awarded to the persons who subscribe for our paper between this date and the 30th day of March:

FOR ONE DOLLAR We will enter your name on our subscription books, and mail you regularly twice a month for **One Year** the **Farm, Field and Stockman** (24 pages), and send you immediately by sealed mail **three numbered receipts good for three** of the following presents:

The List of Presents to Be Given Our Subscribers:

10	U S Government Bonds of $500 each	$5000	
20	U S Greenbacks of $100 each	2000	
1	U S Government Bond	1000	
20	U S Greenbacks of $50 each	1000	
50	U S Greenbacks of $20 each	1000	
100	U S Greenbacks of $10 each	1000	
100	U S Greenbacks of $5 each	500	
5	Grand Parlor Organs	1000	
3	Grand Pianos	900	
1	Twenty-Foot Sloop Sail-Boat	300	
1	Rob Roy Fifteen-Foot Canoe	100	
1	Four-Oared Row-boat	100	
1	Columbia Bicycle	100	
2	Pianos	500	
5	Top Buggies	1000	
5	Elegant Black Silk Dress Patterns	200	
2	Village Carts	200	
5	Best Singer Sewing Machines	250	
2	Raw Silk Parlor Suits	400	
2	Plush Silk Parlor Suits	600	
5	Silver Dinner Services	500	
1	Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suit	100	
100	Sets Solid Silver Teaspoons—6 to the set	600	
100	Solid Silver Table Spoons	$ 250	
100	Solid Silver Dessert Spoons	200	
100	Sets Silver Forks (6 to the set)	1000	
100	Sets Silver Plated Dinner Knives (6 to set)	250	
100	Silver Sugar Shells	50	
50	Silver Ice Pitchers	500	
1000	Photograph Albums, $2 each	2000	
1000	Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	1000	
1000	Gentlemen's Pocket Knives	1000	
20	Gentlemen's Gold Watches	1600	
20	Ladies' Gold Watches	1200	
20	Boys' Watches	200	
2	Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	400	
2500	Souvenir Art Portfolios	1200	
500	Ladies' Gold Lockets	500	
500	Gold Finger Rings	500	
400	Ladies' Breast Pins	400	
200	Gent's Scarf Pins and Watch Chains	200	
2000	Fine Mounted Gold Toothpicks	2000	
500	Beautiful Nickel Clocks	2000	
2500	Gold Toothpicks	1000	
2000	Gold Pencils	500	
104	Telescopes	520	

Every subscriber who does not get one of the above valuable prizes will receive a present of **Twenty-Five Cents** in cash. Remember everyone who subscribes for one year will receive our twenty-four page elegant illustrated paper for one year and **Three Receipts good for three of the above presents** ranging from 25 cents in cash to **One Thousand Dollars in Cash.** Our paper has now a bona-fide circulation of 150,000 subscribers. Has been established eight years. All of the above presents will be awarded March 30th, in a fair and impartial manner. A full list of the award will be furnished subscribers free. Persons living at a distance will have presents sent them by mail, express or freight, as may be required by the article awarded. Positively no postponement.

THE ONE DOLLAR which you send us is the regular subscription price for a yearly subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. Do not let this opportunity go by. We believe you will like our paper so well that you will remain a regular subscriber, and say with others that you would not be without it for five times the cost. **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE.** Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us $5 and we will send you the paper for one year, and three numbered receipts for each of your subscribers and two extra for your trouble.

SEND TEN SUBSCRIBERS with $10 and we will send 12 papers one year and 36 numbered receipts good for thirty-six presents, and in addition **we will send you** at once a **solid hunting cased gold Aluminum Watch free.** This watch is a fine time keeper and cannot be told from a genuine gold watch. You can trade this watch for from twenty to fifty dollars. You can have the papers sent to your friends and we will make the receipts all out in your name. We could not make this watch offer did we not control the entire product of the factory.

FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty four large pages. The paper is magazine form, bound, stitched and cut. Its circulation is now **150,000. SAMPLE COPY SENT FREE. Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day.** In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family. Our reputation is fully established and the people are satisfied that we have capital enough to carry out and fulfill any offer we may make. Can it be possible that you will let such an opportunity go by?

ONE DOLLAR secures the **FARM FIELD AND STOCKMAN** for one year, and three numbered receipts which will entitle you to three of the presents in the award. The paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability we refer to any Bank or Express Company in Chicago and the Commercial Agencies. We are now known the world over. Money in sums of $1 may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk; larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order or Express.

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again. This is a great opportunity and you should take advantage of this extraordinary offer.

Address **FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN, 69 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.**

Free to All! A GOLD WATCH, LADIES WORK BOX.

The publishers of the **Capital City Home Guest,** the well-known, illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the **New Year:** The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch,** worth $35. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant **Stem-Winding Gentleman's Watch;** the third, a **Ker-winding English Watch.** Each person must send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, postpaid, **three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST,"** and an **Elegant Lady's Work Box** with their **name** beautifully stenciled **on the cover.** Each box contains **1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 3 Easter Cards, 3 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 Copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide,"** containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.75, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all prepaid for 25 cts. Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.

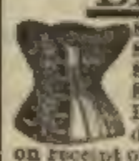
AGENTS WANTED

WANTED. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make $3 to $4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp **Crown M'f'g. Co.,** 304 Vine St., Cin'ti, O.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 520, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

DR. LINQUIST'S



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Spinal Corset, 2 00
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.
Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 10c embossed pack) 5 packs and this Rolled Gold Ring for 50c. Agts' Album, 25c. Atling Bros., Northford, Ct.

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A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for mammoth circular. Address ZEIT BUYDAM, 65 and 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address: PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—LADIES OR GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection). Work sent by mail. $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made. No canvassing. Please address Globe Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass., Box 3344.

SALARY Paid Local or Traveling Salesmen to sell our Kitchen Specialties to the trade. State salary wanted and address The Clipper Mfg. Co. Limited, Cincinnati, O.

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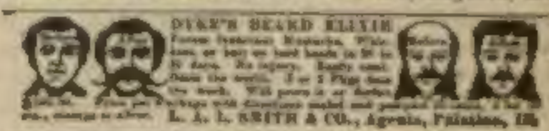

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

EXCEPT for plain velvets and plushes, broche and figured materials hold sway for evening dresses. Stripes and pekins are very fashionable, and beautiful crapes have been introduced with a narrow stripe of satin and a broad, gauffered stripe of gauze.

Striped velvet and satin is in great request for skirts, trimmings and plastrons, the tunics and corsages being of the new shot satins to match, with chenille designs in one of the colors.

Magnificent shot silks have been prepared with broche velvet flowers for the long court trains so much favored by chaperones; they are combined with plain shot silks to match, and are trimmed with lace and velvet.

Shot pekins also abound, the stripes being alternately shot and plain, with small broche designs.

Ganzes with broche velvet flowers and stripes are still much used, also figured velvets of all kinds, and pekin velvets with pompadour satin stripes.

One of the most beautiful materials of the season is crepe de Chine with large broche velvet or satin flowers.

The following modore toilette for married ladies could not easily be surpassed in elegance and beauty.

The skirt is of modore sicilienne edged with three flounces of modore lace, over which fall the teeth points of the sicilienne over-skirt, which is embroidered all over with flashing modore beads.

The train is a court mantle of modore Genoa velvet with large flowers on a pale satin ground. The low corsage is a veritable coat of mail of modore beads; it has a low neck and no sleeves; a row of Marshal Neil rosebuds edge the neck and form a slight substitute for sleeves. On the shoulders is a bow of ribbon, modore lined with pink.

Just now there is a serious struggle for supremacy between the short corsage and that with long points for evening wear.

It is impossible to say which will be victorious, but there is no doubt that for short persons the former style is preferable, as the other makes the figure look all body and no legs. And yet a certain length of leg is necessary to grace.

Pink is still worn, but blue is almost entirely laid aside, except for young girls. Of course this remark only applies to pale evening blues, as electric and navy blues are as fashionable as ever.

A ball toilette for a young lady is of Pekin blue crape, the crape stripe gauffered and broad, the satin stripe plain and narrow.

The skirt is made in the favorite ballerina style; merely gauged into the waistbelt and edged with a wide hem.

The corsage is exceedingly pretty; the back is of blue faille; the front consists of a crape chemisette and a faille Swiss corselet, cut in teeth points at the upper edge and with a long point below the waist.

For walking and visiting dresses the plain skirt of plush or velvet holds a prominent place.

A new material has appeared for the tunics and polonaises.

This is a soft and delicate woolen fabric of any shade, studded with small spots or loops of chenille in a different color; it is a very beautiful material, having a shot effect at a little distance, and it drapes very gracefully; the tablier is usually of this chenille fabric, and sometimes the corsage also, with full plastron of plush or velvet; or else the corsage is like the plain skirt, with full plastron of the spotted material.

Blue or dark green wooled with red chenille are the favorite combinations, the velvet skirt being blue or green, and the ribbon red. These are the most stylish walking dresses which have yet been prepared.

There have been lamentations at the final departure of the lovely figured materials of the past summer, but surely this winter's fabrics should supply consolation.

There is a style, an air about the toilettes made of the spotted chenille-woolen which somehow more than compensates for the loss of flowered lawns and voiles; they are eminently Parisian and combine real elegance with great simplicity.

Striped fabrics put even woolen fabrics in the shade; they are specially used for skirts and trimming. Woolen fabrics have been manufactured for skirtings with wide stripes of two colors.

These either form plain skirts, or are pleated so that the lighter colored stripe is within the pleat, only showing when the pleats open. In many cases materials have horizontal stripes, but they are not so becoming to the figure.

There are, however, many ladies who rival even tall men in stature, and for them this would be an excellent skirt, as it would diminish their apparent height.

Even when the skirt is arranged with vertical stripes the tunic, if made of the same material, has usually the stripes placed horizontally.

For skirts, soft striped French woolens are preferred to the English "skirtings," which are not to be had in such beautiful colors and which are very stiff. They are out of the question for draperies and trimmings.

The most fashionable style for striped materials is to arrange the skirt with horizontal stripes, the remainder of the costume being striped vertically; but a very elegant model arranged in a different manner is of striped navy-blue and porphyry woolen, of soft and supple texture.

The over-skirt is of the striped material, upon a foundation edged with a wide band of navy-blue velvet; it is cut on the new principle, namely, without gores, the extra fullness at the top being gathered into a waistband all round; it is looped high on the right hip in the Louis XVI. style to show the blue velvet band beneath.

In this case the stripes are vertical instead of horizontal because there is no tunic; the back falls from the waist in deep pleats.

The corsage is not striped for this toilette; indeed, striped corsages are not viewed with favor.

It is made of plain blue woolen, buttoned at the neck, and then spreading open on a pleated plastron of the striped material, arranged so that the red stripes are within the pleats.

The plastron is kept in place by a belt of porphyry velvet. The collar and parements are also of velvet.

Astrachan cloth is one of the season's novelties, it is a pure woolen fabric with rough curly surface in imitation of real astrachan fur. It is made in all colors, and even in two colors, like dark brown and red, dark green and red.

It is much used for small mantelets, for redingotes, and for dress trimmings. Many waistcoats are made of it for woolen casaques.

For instance, navy-blue vigogne is made up into a pleated skirt and peplum tablier. The open casque has a pointed waistcoat of grey astrachan, and the tablier, neck and sleeves are trimmed with bands of the same.

Braid is to attain unusual prominence this winter, and is to form the principal garniture.

Fringe, both silk and chenille, will be used to trim mantles and confections, but braid will be almost the only trimming allowable for dresses.

Consequently, braids are well varied; they are to be had plain, embroidered, mixed with gold or colors, and decorated with silver and glass beads. They are to be had narrow or two or three inches wide.

The embroidered braids are beautiful but unfortunately very expensive, and if they are at all uncommon and original the price becomes exorbitant.

The combination of color for braiding is often very artistic. Suppose braid of any width is required for a brown dress, any shade of brown.

The braid should be a shade darker, and should be worked with gold thread stitched here and there, in long stitches or forming lozenges, squares or arabesques on the braid.

On black braid, the embroidery can be done with jet beads; if the braid is black silk, jet or gold beads or gold thread is used; also gold and steel beads mixed together, produces rich and beautiful effects on black. Dark-colored braids can be embroidered in gold or silver threads.

Fireside Chat.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

WE would earnestly advise all housewives to set aside a drawer or the shelf of a cupboard for the appliances which are likely to be needed when accidents occur.

Nothing tends to lessen excitement like the consciousness of there being close at hand the materials needed.

A drawer of this kind should be out of the reach of the children, but it should not be locked.

It would be an advantage if the list of the contents were pasted inside.

Clearly-written labels also should be on the bottles or bundles, explaining the nature of the material, and the uses to which it might be put.

This accident drawer should contain a good pair of scissors, a little lint, some sticking-plaster, some pins, some tape, a few needles on linen (if put on flannel the needles will probably become rusty), some strong thread, a roll of old linen, one of calico, and one of flannel, two or three pairs of old gloves, a bottle of arnica, a bottle of calendula, some liquid collodion, some carbonate of soda, and a little kitchen whitening.

For Burns.—Cover to exclude the air, and apply common kitchen whitening crumbled over the part so as to form a thick layer, cover with cotton-wool, wool, or flannel. Keep the wound comfortably warm. Castor-oil, olive-oil, flour and starch may all be used if whitening is not at hand.

Scalds.—Lay on a rag dipped in water, in which carbonate of soda is dissolved, and keep the rag moist. Or treat as above.

Blisters, which form after burns or scalds should be pricked immediately, the water squeezed out, and pressed down, gently but firmly, with cotton-wool.

Persons on fire should not rush about, but should throw themselves on the ground until help can be got. Bystanders should wrap the sufferer in something which will not burn, as a coat, a cloak, a table-cloth, or a druggot, and beat out the fire, and keep on the cover till every spark is extinguished.

Houses on fire.—It should be remembered that there is more fear of death from being choked by smoke than of being burnt. There will be more air near the floor than anywhere. Therefore, creep to the door or window, or wrap the head in a thick shawl while making a rush along a passage, or down a stair case.

Skin Cuts.—First sponge the wound with cold water to remove any foreign substance there may be, then stop the bleeding. Lay on the wound a rag, or a piece of lint, which has been dipped in calendula and water, in the proportion of thirty drops of pure tincture to a teacupful of water.

If the cut is in a place which cannot be covered with a rag, the parts should be brought together with calendulated plaster.

When the face is cut, it is very important that the parts should be brought together as soon as possible. Pinch the edges of the wound firmly together for a few moments to stop the bleeding, wipe it dry, and paint it well with collodion.

Let the collodion dry, then put strips of court plaster on, and be careful to wet both sides of the plaster. A cut which gapes open, and in which the skin is loose, should be stitched by a surgeon.

To stop bleeding.—Find out if the blood comes from an artery or a vein. The blood from a vein is dark, and oozes slowly from a wound. Moderate pressure will usually stop it. It should therefore have rag laid on it, and be bound up firmly. The blood from an artery is bright red, and spurts up like a fountain. This is dangerous.

When it occurs a doctor should be sent for. Till he arrives, apply pressure with the fingers directly over the mouth of the wound. Elevate the bleeding part, but place the body in a lying-down position.

In all cases of external bleeding, pressure is the best means which can be employed till help can be procured. This pressure will be more effective if directed against a bone.

Bleeding from the nose.—Bathe the face and head and the back of the neck with cold water. Vigorous sniffing of cold air will frequently stop bleeding of the nose, or raising the head and lifting the arms up high will do this.

Bruises should be bathed in cold water, or vinegar and water. When the skin is not broken, a lotion made of one part of arnica to ten of water may be laid on the bruise. If there is any fear of internal injury from a bruise, a doctor should be sent for.

Broken bones, and bones which have been put out of joint, should be placed under the care of a doctor as soon as possible.

Sprains require rest and hot fomentations.

Stings of insects (bees, wasps or hornets).—First extract the sting by pressing the wound with the hollow of a key, then take it out with tweezers. Afterwards apply raw onion juice, or the blue bag, or allow a few drops of camphorated spirits to run over the wound, or rub in common table salt.

CANDLE SUPERSTITIONS.—So far as number is concerned, the most popular class of superstitions is composed of those which cluster round the family candles.

The origin of these, probably dates far back in antiquity, when the world was full of superstitious fancies about light in general and candle-light in particular.

When we come down to the early days of the Christian Church, however, we find that not a few of the ordinances of religion were accompanied by ceremonies borrowed from paganism, and in which lighted candles played an important part.

Candles were lighted at birth to keep off evil spirits, at marriage to prevent the evil eye from affecting the happy pair, and at death to drive away the demons who were thought to be always on the look-out for the soul of the dying man.

Naturally then, as candles played so important a part in the ceremonies of religion, men became accustomed to regard them with something of a superstitious eye, and to look to them for signs and wonders which were not to be elsewhere found.

No a peculiar appearance in the candle, for which no reason could be given, was always regarded as indicative of some remarkable thing about to happen.

A collection of tallow round the wick, is still known as a winding sheet, and is believed to foretell the death of one of the family, while a bright spark is a sign of the future reception of a letter by the person opposite. The waving of the flame without any apparent cause is supposed to demonstrate the presence of a spirit in the room.

In addition to these fanciful notions, there are some others which are founded on natural facts to well-known to admit of dispute such as the refusal of the candle to light readily in consequence of a state of atmosphere favorable to a coming storm.

AN Oregon Chinaman, named Ah Chung fell in love with a German nursemaid, and on being rejected became a raving maniac.

Correspondence.

L. H. M.—We have no objections.

DORA.—We cannot advertise business addresses in this department.

E. M. S.—In throwing dice, ties throw over again, if it be necessary to establish any result.

R. L. N.—A divorce obtained by either party for the cause assigned would not be legal in this State.

W. G. T.—1. Bird lime is made by boiling linseed oil until it becomes a viscid paste. 2. It can be obtained at any bird fancier's.

CORINNA.—Azrael, in the Jewish and Mohammedan mythology, is the name of an angel who watches over the dying, and separates the soul from the body.

P. F.—We do not profess to be an authority as to the etiquette of dancing; but in all the affairs of which we have any knowledge it is very essential that a gentleman should always "carry himself straight."

ALINA.—Write to the young man that you do not see that the correspondence is likely to be of any great advantage to either, and that you think that until he can come to see you it had better be stopped. When you are engaged to be married it will be time enough to renew it.

BERT.—We think, candidly, that a trade holds out better chances to nine men out of ten than a profession, but if you are resolved on it your best guide is your aptitude and preference. Our own opinion is that at present the best field of that description is to be found in engineering.

MAGGIE L.—To prevent the shrinking of flannel in the washing, steep the articles during several hours in a warm solution, moderately concentrated, of washing soda. Then add some pure warm water and a few drops of ammonia; wash the flannels in this, and rinse them in lukewarm water.

H. Y. D.—We have never heard of nor seen printed directions for flirtation by the eye, but can bear witness that there is such an accomplishment taught by nature to every pretty girl in the land, and very generally understood by gentlemen who have mingled in society to any extent.

ROSE.—Keep your hands covered as much as possible, and avoid putting them too much in hot water. At night cover them with glycerine, and put on a pair of very loose gloves. Keep this up for three or four months, and unless you have much manual labor to do your hands will be white enough.

D. P. S.—The numeral notation to which you call our attention was used by the Greeks. They divided the twenty-four letters of the alphabet into three classes, and by adding another symbol to each class, they had characters to represent the units, tens, and hundreds. The present system is far more convenient.

EMMIE G.—Your handwriting is hardly firm and distinct enough for a copyist. The principal work of copyists consists in copying legal papers and documents. Telegraphy, type-writing, bookkeeping, etc., are employments which are now open to women, but special education is requisite in order that one may be fitted to pursue any of them successfully.

A. J. G.—To certain minds, there are several things objectionable in "Camille" as a story, although altogether it teaches a good moral. A person who could get offended, however, under the circumstances you mention, seems to want both sense and courtesy. We think you acted the part of a gentleman in the matter, and have nothing to reproach yourself with.

MAT.—To find the diameter of a circle, the area of which is given, divide the area by 7854 to bring it to that of a square of the same width, and then find the square root. Thus, if the area is 7.854 square feet, that of a square circle would be exactly ten feet, and the square root of ten, i. e., 3.3333, etc. feet, will be the length. Tables of areas and diameters are given in engineers' pocketbooks.

REED.—Meerschaum is the raw material of meerschaum, and is an opaque earthy mineral, white, yellowish or gravish in color, and found in Asia Minor, Greece and some of its islands; and, in Moravia and in Morocco. Chemically it is a hydrated silicate of magnesia. It is so light that it floats on sea-water until saturated, and it is possible that lumps found floating may have caused its name, which means "sea-foam," to be given to it.

TORO.—Premiere danseuses are trained from early childhood to dance on their toes. No shoes other than the ordinary dancing slippers are used. There is no way of learning this trick except by constant practice, which is unattainable in this country. In Europe there are schools of the ballet, in which these things are taught, and hence all premiere danseuses must come from that region until methods of instruction are established here.

E. M. R.—Marie Antoinette was possessed of a weak, vacillating, pleasure-loving disposition, an aristocratic indifference to the public opinion, and a lamentable ignorance of the actual misery of the French people at the time in which she lived. They suspected her of secretly plotting to deliver the country into the hands of its enemies, and their intense hatred for her culminated in her arrest while attempting to leave Paris. She was condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal on October 15, 1793, and guillotined the following day.

ELFRIDA S.—The name of "Sicilian Vespers" is given to the massacre of the French in Sicily on the day after Easter (March 30), 1282, the signal for the commencement of which was to be the first stroke of the vesper bell. Charles of Anjou, the brother of Louis IX. of France, had deprived the Hohenstaufen dynasty of Naples and Sicily, and parcelled out these kingdoms among his French followers. His cruelty, oppressive taxation, and the brutality of those surrounding him, excited the Sicilians to a revolt, which culminated in one of the cruelest massacres in the world's history. On the evening of Easter Monday the people of Palermo, enraged (so the story goes) at a gross act perpetrated by a French soldier, precipitated the revolt before the day appointed. They rose against their oppressors, and put to death every man, woman, and child of them, not even sparing those Italians and Sicilians who had married Frenchmen. Shortly after Messina and other towns joined in the revolt, and it was not long before the massacre became general, the French being hunted like wild beasts. They were even dragged from churches, where they vainly thought themselves secure from violence.